

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



- Thanksgiving Day Prosperity—W. Taliaferro Thompson
- The Family's Stake in World Peace—Dorothy Hunter

NOVEMBER, 1961 - 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Contents

ARTICLES

Thanksgiving Day Prosperity	<i>W. Taliaferro Thompson</i>	1
The Family's Stake in World Peace (Article for Parents' Discussion Groups)	<i>Dorothy Hunter</i>	4
Stewardship Is a Family Affair (Article for Parents' Discussion Groups)	<i>Vera Channels</i>	9
Thanksgiving	<i>Joseph D. Ban</i>	11
"Are Our Teen-agers Hi-Fi?"	<i>August F. Ballbach, Jr.</i>	19

STORIES

With Men It Is Impossible	<i>Irma Hegel</i>	7
Story for Children		
The Digging Dog	<i>Enola Chamberlin</i>	18
Susan Hodges Writes a Letter	<i>Myles D. Blanchard</i>	21

FEATURES

Biblegram	<i>Hilda E. Allen</i>	6
Family Worship		13
Meeting Plans for Parents' Discussion Groups		
1. Peace Begins at Home	<i>Dorothy Hunter</i>	24
2. The Family's Responsibility for World Peace	<i>Dorothy Hunter</i>	25
1. Planning Family Finances	<i>Vera Channels</i>	26
2. Guiding Children in Handling Money	<i>Vera Channels</i>	27
Family Counselor	<i>Donald M. Maynard</i>	29
Books for the Hearthside		31
Over the Back Fence—Be Fearful in Prayer	<i>Sherman R. Hanson</i>	

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Thanksgiving Day. Yearly, this day citizens of the U.S. remember God's goodness and rejoice in his mercies. Something of the past flows through our minds—particularly our heritage from pioneer forefathers. We compare our good fortune with that of other nations. Truly we are blessed and are a favored nation. Amid such favor, however, there are signs of destruction. W. Taliaferro Thompson warns us of these destructive signs through the eyes of a modern Amos in his meditation on "Thanksgiving Day Prosperity." Will we heed this modern Amos' warnings?

Another article "Thanksgiving" by Joseph D. Ban is provided as a means of guiding parents of small children in nurturing the spirit of thankfulness in their children. The author points to many opportunities for guidance in natural everyday situations.

World Peace. Here is a vital concern for individuals and families. "By the way, what can my family do about world peace? I thought our governmental leaders were taking care of this issue," so speaks an adult. Dorothy Hunter would have us to refrain from evading the issue, for there is something that each of us can do. Try the suggestions offered in her article, "The Family's Stake in World Peace." Perhaps, you are doing more for world peace than you had thought.

Money Matters. (1) Planning family finances and (2) Guiding children in handling money are the two major considerations in the article "Stewardship Is a Family Affair" by Vera Channels. Tithing, spending, saving, giving, allowances, and budget are some specific items discussed to stimulate thought and action concerning each.



About the Cover. With grateful heart, man stands surrounded by the love of God as seen in some of the many blessings that God so richly bestows on him. **Coming Soon.** "What Does Christmas Really Mean?" by Doris Clore Demaree; "As Old Codes Crack" by James Wesley Ingles; "A Letter From Mama to Santa Claus" by Browne Sampsell; and others.

Until then,
R. C.

Thanksgiving Day Prosperity

by W. Taliaferro Thompson

IF A MODERN AMOS, a prophetic figure from the mountains of southwest Virginia or perhaps from the Catskills of New York, like the Amos of the Old Testament who came from the hills southeast of Jeru-

Author of *An Adventure in Love* and *Adventures in Parenthood*, Mr. Thompson taught courses in Christian family living and religious education at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia, for 36 years.

—Harmon



salem, and like him possessed a sense of history, keen eyes, and open ears, were to appear among the American people on this day of national thanksgiving to speak to them; what would he say? He surely would begin by calling us to remember all of God's goodness, and to rejoice and to give thanks for all his mercies. With bold strokes, he would draw the picture of God's blessings.

He would remind us that God brought our forefathers out of political and religious bondage in Europe to this good land. If not flowing with milk and honey, it, nevertheless, is clothed with great forests, endowed with broad plains and fertile valleys, blessed by abundant rain, stored with minerals, criss-crossed by broad and navigable rivers, which are being made to turn countless wheels and turbines; protected by wide oceans, which enabled the nation to develop in her formative period; free from the wars and dynastic struggles of other countries. Recently, Max Lerner, in his massive *America as a Civilization*, states, "In any calculation of the world's resources—immediate, reserve, and potential—America leads the procession of nations, even the Soviet Union following at a distance."

For generations our forefathers, in their courage and in their faith in freedom under God's leadership, subdued and developed this rich land—enlarged its borders, cleared forests, bridged and harnessed rivers, tunneled mountains, ploughed and planted fields, mined ores, drilled oil wells, invented machines, built great cities, and created vast industries.

So today, we, their heirs, while much of the world is overcrowded, have *elbow room*. In the Netherlands, for example, there are 900 people to the square mile, in Japan 635, in Great Britain 560, and in the United States only 57. While half of the people of the world are hungry, we have food in abundance, with bountiful surplus stored away. While most of the nations are desperately poor, we are rolling in wealth. The people, themselves, exclusive of automobiles, own a trillion dollars; so rich are we that we have invested 36 billion dollars in foreign countries.

While people the world round are suffering for want of labor-saving devices; with 6 per cent of the world's population, we are responsible for almost half of the world's production of goods.

While three-fifths of the population of the world are illiterate, and another fifth nearly so, we have almost 3,500,000 students in colleges and universities, 88.2 per cent of the boys and girls from 14 through 17 in high school, 99.9 per cent of those 7 through 13, and 77.6 per cent of those 5 and 6 in elementary schools or kindergartens. A brilliant university professor writes, "Never in history has a civilization risen to world power in so short a time."

An eminent theologian claims that our country is "the most powerful among the nations of the 'free world.'" A foreign statesman goes even further, declaring that the United States is today "the freest, the richest, the most powerful country on earth." We attribute our greatness to the blessing of God; our first thanksgiving service, whether held in Massachusetts or Virginia, and our multiplied Thanksgiving Days since, declare this. We put on our currency, "In God We Trust," and confidently refer to our nation as a Christian nation. Surely, we are God's favorites. Amos might properly say to us, speaking for God,

"You only have I known
of all the families of the earth."

How eagerly we cry "Amen" to such a statement; how happy we should be if he would stop there. Amos cannot end with this. Whether, or not, we listen to him, he is constrained to continue.

Surely Amos, would speak of our *indulgence in alcohol*; of the ten billion dollars spent in its legal purchase and of the hundreds of millions, illegally; of the 70,000,000 who drink—two thirds of our adult population; of the 5,000,000 alcoholics, one-fourth of them women; of the crime, poverty, and wretchedness which result from such excesses. We drink our liquor in bowlsful. Amos would, also, take note of the shrewd advertising which suggests that we should have champagne for Sunday breakfasts, that orange juice is all right for every day; but on Sunday, we should have that feeling of ineffable luxury that comes from a bottle of champagne before noon; he would point to the whiskey manufacturers, who once refrained from including women in their advertisements, as cigarette makers did long ago, but now both have changed their policy.

Amos would score our *sexual immorality*. The number arrested for sex offenses, the 200,000 illegitimate births in 1956, the pornographic pictures and literature sold, the torrid movies, the erotic novels and magazine stories, and those on a higher level with sex deliberately written in for sales value, the psychiatrists who stress the danger of suppression and encourage free expression of our urges; this would give Amos enough to start on.



—Harmon

This modern Amos certainly would lament the *breakdown of family life*. Perhaps referring to the judge who stated that "America is the most divorced country in the world," and to the fact that there is one divorce for every three marriages; more than 1,000 a day, 400,000 a year involving more than a million people. Besides, there are the desertions, the separations, the families with love at an end, who stay together only from a sense of duty or for financial reasons, with all the bitterness, suffering, and heartache that such conditions entail.

Amos would cry aloud about *our crime rate*, and our indifference to human life. He would undoubtedly touch upon the tens of thousands killed, and the hundreds of thousands injured in automobile accidents every year, and to the nearly 25,000 murders and suicides annually; the abortions, that are estimated at between a half-million to a million yearly, the 2½ million major crimes committed last year; 53 per cent by those under 18. There would be a sad note in his voice as he would speak of juvenile crime. He would make no blanket indictment of youth. He would know that the great majority of our young people are fine and true, many better than those of past years, despite the unwholesome pressures of today; but he would be heartsick that 750,000 boys and girls between 10 and 17, one of every thirty in that age bracket, were arrested in 1957 for violating the law. He could hardly fail to speak of the 20 to 25 billion dollars—which is a modest estimate—spent each year in *organized gambling*. His voice would probably rise

in wrath as he faced us with the *bomb scares, and bombings* of within less than two years. What a list that is—8 Jewish synagogues, 4 Christian churches, 5 school buildings, 20 Negro homes! and the end is not yet!

Perhaps Amos would stress at greater length the *gulf that exists between the rich and the poor*. There are those who have winter homes and summer homes or, for the latter, substitute yachts, or long, expensive vacations. As they become richer, they move from one section of the city to another more favored, build larger and larger houses, buy more expensive cars, not content with one or two, and multiply their costly belongings. He would speak of rural slums and urban slums. As he walks through any city, he would find sections where there is room for the children to play, and for their parents to have gardens; where there are trees and shrubs, lovely in the spring, glorious in the fall, and with beautiful flowers the year round; all of which make living a delight. Not far away there would be areas which stand in gloomy contrast—crowded, drab, dirty, dark, brightened a bit by an occasional red geranium which raises its brave head above a tin can. Here he would find the children of the poor—some of them bedraggled, playing in the streets, life which is struggle and drudgery, and often misery.

One of our current magazines recently carried a feature article, "Planning for Your Children's Future—What Every Father Should Know." In it, a wise economist writes of insurance, investments in stocks, bonds, real estate, and other ways by which a farsighted father can provide security for his wife and children. But what if the father is without work? At present, 4 million are unemployed. What if the father, who has a job, is poor! Not long ago I sat in church by a gentleman, who, like myself, had come early. As he talked, he spoke of his love for his four children, and expressed a desire to be with them more. He regretted that he had seen them so little, as he had only two week ends off each month, and had been taking extra jobs on them that he might add a bit to his income. Then he said simply and sadly, in no spirit of bitterness or complaint: "When you are *poor*, you can't do much for your children." How could he plan for the future of his family, when day by day they had barely enough to live on. I wondered what chance *he* would have to get ahead, for he was a Negro.

Amos probably would call our attention to the motto over the portico of the United States Supreme Court Building in Washington, "*Equal Justice Under Law*." We think of this motto as written over every courthouse; and we raise the question whether or not that noble principle holds for the poor man, and for those of *every* race; if *they* have the same chance for justice as those who are white or rich. Amos might remind us that one indication that all is not well with

our civilization is the fact that one out of ten has been, is, or will be, in need of psychiatric help; that foreign commentators refer to America as "one vast mental hospital," and that countless millions seek to escape their environment by means of tranquilizing drugs, so that an eminent writer has facetiously said that with us "mightier than the pen, or the sword, is the pill!"

We have heard enough, and like Amaziah, we would wish our Amos to go back to his rugged mountains. We cry in defense, quoting one of our eminent theologians, that "We are more religious than other nations"; and we add in support, that more than 60 per cent of our people belong to some church or synagogue; that our churches are filled; that we are spending a billion dollars a year on new buildings; that our gifts for *all* causes are at an all-time high. Surely *God* must know all this and be pleased with us—but not the God of Amos. The prophet will not let us off. Hear him!

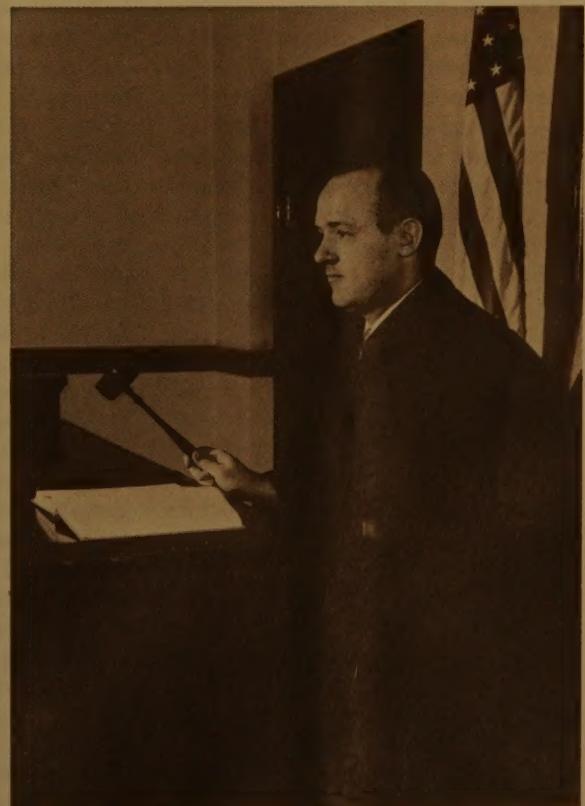
God is *personal*—how real is your religion? Do you know him?

God is *sovereign*—do you put him first? Are your aims in life spiritual?

God is *righteous*—with him morality and religion, everyday life and worship must be bound together.

(Continued on page 28)

—C. M. ABBOTT from A. Devaney, N. Y.



Our goal is equal justice under law, but do we achieve it?



—Bob Taylor, Agricultural Photos



by Dorothy Hunter

DENNIS THE MENACE
PRAYED a prayer the other day: "God, don't let the world blow up before I've seen the rest of it. Amen." This is our world, and many of us, like Dennis, are not at all sure that it will be around when our children grow up.

There is something that we can provide our children, however. We can create pockets of peace in our homes and neighborhoods and communities so that they can know what it means to live at peace—even in this war-plagued world.

Such a pocket of peace is created when a man and a woman come together in marriage to grow in understanding and appreciation of each other all the rest of their lives: when parents train their children in acts of thoughtfulness and in experiences of sharing that expand their horizons beyond their own immediate concerns, when neighbors take the time out of their too cluttered lives to learn to know and share each other's problems and joys, and when the members of a community band together to build bridges of understanding between groups of differing economic, religious, and racial backgrounds. *Peace, in other words, is the presence of ever-expanding bonds of understanding and appreciation between individuals and*

groups.

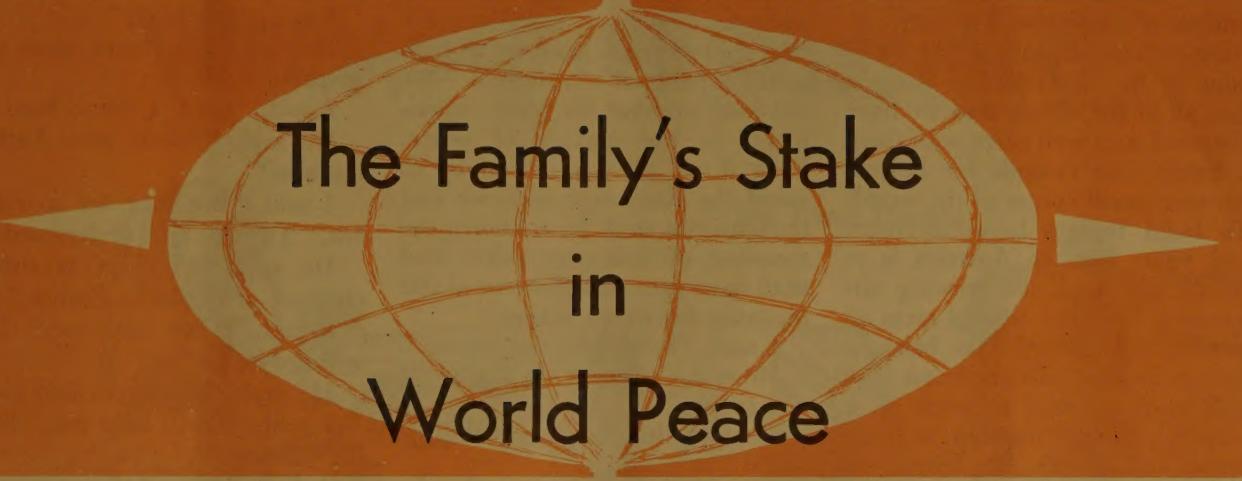
Probably the home must provide the first pocket of peace. Marriage is the foundation of the home. A good marriage is made up in large part of small, simple, ordinary, day-by-day, hour-by-hour acts that pull two people together until it is literally impossible for one to think of himself as separate from the other. It is the husband, remembering that his wife likes chocolate-covered nuts, sharing with her some interesting experience of the day, and offering to make the salad for dinner. It is the wife, baking her husband's favorite dessert, saving green stamps to get him a fishing rod, and not disturbing him when he is reading the paper. These acts, multiplied many times over, make a marriage—a *growing* experience in which two people never stop reaching out to each other in appreciation and love. Children born to such a marriage have a native land that is truly a small pocket of peace.

However, parents have a responsibility to their children beyond this. They must provide experiences which will lead to involvement in the lives of others.

They can, for example, join their children in learning a foreign language. They can have people

of other races and from other countries in the home fairly regularly. They can encourage their children to cross racial and cultural lines in choosing their friends and playmates. One of the good experiences the author has had was to discover that the schoolmate who seemed to be my ten-year-old's favorite friend was a Negro, and that it had not once occurred to Bill to mention Gregg's race. He was just a boy who was fun. All of these experiences expand the boundaries of peace within the home to include understanding and appreciation of other people who may have previously seemed different and strange.

A second pocket of peace that we can create for ourselves and our children is in the neighborhood. Most of us, particularly in the large cities, are too busy to be neighbors to each other. Marriage, divorce, birth, death, joy, and tragedy go on all around us. We read about it in the papers. How can we have concern for the Laotians and the Cubans, and the South Africans when we don't even care what is happening to the family across the street? I should like to suggest that we drop out of one of the too many clubs to which we belong and devote that time to getting acquainted with our neigh-



The Family's Stake in World Peace

Peace is the presence of ever-expanding bonds of understanding and appreciation between individuals and groups

bors—seeing if we can help with the children where there is illness, dropping in for a visit where there has been bereavement, having the new woman in for coffee along with two or more neighbors, making some gesture of friendliness where scandal has touched, taking the aging woman up the street or out some place for lunch or to do a bit of shopping. These, and the other acts like them, will help to make a neighborhood a place where families live together in peace in spite of the hate and misunderstanding all around them.

Finally, there is the larger community of which our homes and neighborhoods are a part. The church provides an excellent agency through which families can work to bring peace to their community.

Families will want, first of all, to reach out into their community to include within their fellowship representatives of as many different racial, cultural, and age groups as possible. Then they will want to carefully plan projects that will bring these people together in ways that will lead to growth in their understanding of each other. These church projects might include: week-end work camps on some project of interest to all—perhaps, a crippled children's

camp in their area; a group trip to give blood at the local blood bank; or the forming of a community council to deal with some problem in the community.

Often growing out of projects like the ones mentioned above comes the realization that a church must serve its community—wherever a service is needed that is not being performed. This may involve prodding the already constituted authorities to perform the service. It may mean, at least for a time, families doing it themselves. My own church has been performing such a service for some years now. We opened our church basement for after-game open house, and, until it became necessary to limit the number, we were having from five hundred to a thousand young people from all religious and economic backgrounds packed there after every game. Meanwhile, we are haunted by the obvious need for more adequate recreational facilities for young people that this kind of turnout demonstrates, and with a realization that, until some other agency takes over, we need to be doing far more. To serve where we see need in our own immediate community is also to sharpen our awareness so that we recognize need wherever we see it as a call to action rather

than an occasion for turning aside with the glib assertion that it is not the church's business.

One such need that the church has come to recognize in recent years is that of the millions of refugees in the world. A friend of mine relates an experience she had in the school her children attend. The daughters of a Dutch-Indonesian family that our church had resettled were placed in this school. In a study group held some weeks later, mother after mother spoke of what the experience with these girls had meant to her own children. They had been coming home with smatterings of Dutch words, with all sorts of odd bits of information about the Netherlands, and with a consuming curiosity about this other culture. One of the mothers seemed to speak for all when she said, "This is the best thing that has happened in this school since I have been here."

Perhaps some of you are not sure that all this really has anything to do with the family's chances for world peace. We have so long thought of peace in terms of being prepared for war—stockpiling weapons, jockeying for position, playing one nation against another in a desperate effort to keep some kind of balance of power. To think of building

bridges of understanding and creating pockets of peace seems pretty tame stuff. Yet, let me suggest that all of the efforts that we have discussed may well carry with them a bonus that extends far beyond our own small corner of the world. To build bridges between Negro and white here in America is to reduce just a bit the growing bitterness among the colored races all around the globe. To bring a foreign student into our home is to send back a friend to some other country whose friendship we may desperately need. To know another language is to be able to communicate in depth with people of other countries. To welcome ref-

ugees to our shores is to demonstrate that this powerful country of ours is still capable of compassion. We are long overdue for some experiments in the making of peace. Even if we are too far along to avoid the final explosion, we and our children shall have known the meaning of living at peace and shall have provided glimpses of this meaning for many others.

I said, "Lord, give me peace."

He said, "Peace is not a gift. It is a calling."

I said, "But, Lord, this is your world."

He said, "It is my world, and you are my people. You must make peace with each other."

I said, "But how?"

He said, "Go, knock upon your neighbor's door."

I said, "Lord, I am so busy."

He said, "About your Father's business?"

I said, "But they are so different. They do not understand."

He said, "You are brothers—children of the same Father."

I said, "They hate me. They will not let me in."

He said, "They crucified me."

I said, "Lord, help me. Show me the way."

And he said, "Love one another as I have loved you."

(See meeting plans on pages 24, 25)

by Hilda E. Allen

bIBLEGRAM

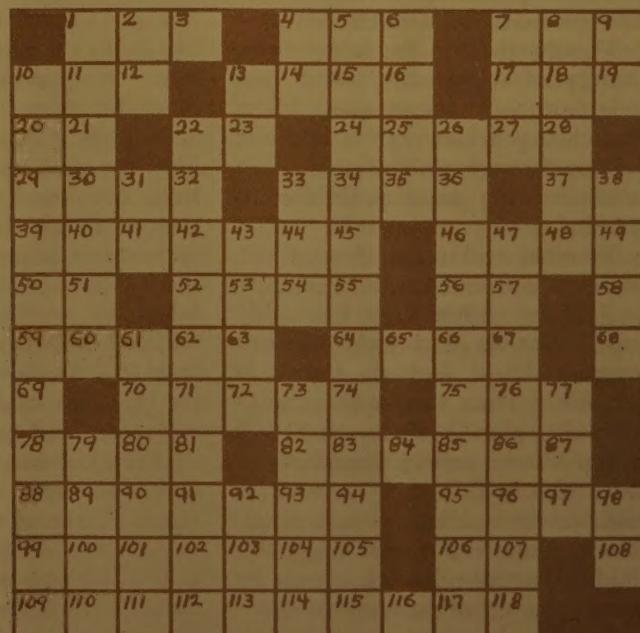
Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each word to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The darkest squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A	Walk quietly or stealthily	—	4	22	53	28	52	38
B	Good-natured goblin	—	43	14	79	7	36	85
C	Private teacher	—	104	65	90	92	26	
D	Head man of a tribe	—	113	5	116	32	64	
E	Front piece of a cap	—	20	111	9	80	107	
F	Eighth month	—	17	2	78	84	61	56
G	Instruct	—	86	45	75	40	91	
H	To deceive or fool	—	18	50	93	13	82	
I	Foe	—	98	48	59	70	105	
J	One of the five great nations	—	71	30	83	11	37	51
K	Huge serpent	—	81	31	60	46	15	96
L	Hood	—	1	62	55	63	47	94
M	Open air pleasure party	—	29	8	73	76	25	97

N	Sixty seconds	—	16	89	112	95	33	6
O	Head covering	—	34	106	57	10		
P	Rapid	—	110	88	108	24	49	
Q	Hard; solid; not easily moved	—	69	102	115	12		
R	Close at hand	—	109	114	101	58		
S	Put away for preservation	—	23	117	68	72	41	77
T	Recently	—	66	42	3	35	44	74
U	Narrow ways or tracks	—	67	39	103	54	27	
V	Tale	—	87	100	19	99	118	

(Solution on page 28)



WITH MEN IT IS IMPOSSIBLE

by Irma Hegel



SOMETIMES SOCIAL SERVICE could be the most disappointing job in the world. Ewart Wayne knew that when he saw Officer Clancy bringing the five-time offender before his desk. This woman and her husband had been the ones Ewart had been working with for three long years, helped, listened to their promises of repentance, only to rescue them from the next scrape.

"Molly Briggs is on probation again," said Officer Clancy. "She's all yours, Mr. Wayne. By the way, there's a Chet Thornton and his wife in your outer office."

Ewart rose. "Just a minute, Molly. I want to speak to these friends of mine." He strode into the outer office to greet snub-nosed Chet and his pretty wife, Carol. "I hear you've been accepted by the Army, Chet," he said. "Congratulations!"

Chet grinned up at him. "Carol's going with me. That's why we're here, to say good-by. We were planning to visit a week with Carol's folks. You're busy, we see, and we'll be running along."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Ewart protested. "I'll be through with Molly in short order and we'll have dinner together." Chet had been his roommate in college. Something would be gone from the old town when Chet left.

Ewart marched back to his probationer. He sat down and looked wearily up at Molly, her dyed hair disheveled, the marks of dissipation on her bloated face. "What are we going to do this time?" he demanded.

"It's so hard, Mr. Wayne." Molly twisted her hands together, glancing down at them. "Dan hasn't held a steady job in months. Those miserable furnished rooms we lived in. I tell Dan if just once we had a home, maybe it would mean a fresh start."

"You could get that home if you and Dan would cut out your drinking, Molly. Make a real effort this time."

"We lost those rooms we had, Mr. Wayne."

"Where are you staying then?"

"Those miserable furnished rooms we lived in. I tell Dan if just once we had a home, maybe it would mean a fresh start."

The author is a free-lance writer.

Illustrated by Art FitzSimmons

"With my sister, Mrs. Gaffney, over on Case Avenue. With all the kids Rose has, Dan and I had to take the basement."

"I'll see what I can do," Ewart said gruffly.

"Thanks, Mr. Wayne. Dan and I will really try this time."

Molly left and Ewart rose to turn relievedly to Chet and Carol. "These habitual offenders," he said. "They're not going to try and I know it."

"Ewart, it's so pathetic," said Carol. "We heard her say how much she wants a home. We were planning on shutting ours up while we were away but Chet said why don't we give this woman and her husband our home to use?"

"Are you out of your minds?" Ewart roared. "Molly and Dan have long records of intemperance. People like that never make the adjustment to decent living. You'd come home and find your home wrecked with half of the belongings gone."

"I don't think so," Chet said calmly. "The house is fortified, you know. Prayers by my mother and dad, Carol's prayers and mine. If people never are offered faith, how can they acquire it? Carol and I are agreed. The house was given to us. It's right that we should loan it for awhile to those who need it. If there should be losses, we'll take them. We know there won't be."

Fantastic, Ewart thought, two middle-aged offenders in the Thornton's black-and-white house out on Pepper Road. Pearls before swine. Still there was no moving Carol and Chet. They were fully determined to go ahead with their crazy scheme.

The startled look on Molly's bloated face when Chet told them of his offer. Dan's stupefied wonder. "Can we make the payments, Mister?" Dan asked humbly.

"We'll make them low enough. Forty a month."

"For a *furnished* house?"

"We'll count on the two of you to keep it up, pay the utilities, shovel snow in the winter, cut grass in the summer, make necessary repairs. We'll be back in two years."

Dan scratched his grizzled head unbelievingly. Molly was sobbing and Dan reached up to pat his wife. "All right, Mister. Ever since I married her, she's been bellyachin' about a house. It might be the answer. I don't rightly know, but we're grateful."

The Briggs moved into the black-and-white house bag and baggage. Dan got himself a job with a freight company. Molly took in her niece, a typist in the same freight company. The Thorntons left for the Army post in Kentucky.

The first time Ewart called at the black-and-white house, Molly met him at the door. Her dyed hair was growing out and brushed neatly back. She was wearing a clean housedress and the pleasant fragrance of a dinner cooking came from the kitchen. "Dan and me have been off drink a month now," she said. "Come on in, Mr. Wayne. Heaven—that's what this home is."

Ewart glanced about. The rooms looked carefully dusted and cleaned. A hammering in the basement

made him cock his head questioningly. Molly said "Oh, that's Dan—he's finishing the rumpus room Mr. Thornton started. Doing a real good job of it too. Dan likes puttering around in wood. Used to help his carpenter-Pa lots of times."

It won't last, Ewart told himself. People never change overnight. The freight office corroborated the evidence that Dan was sober and regular in reporting for work. Officer Clancy told him the Briggs were attending the neighborhood church. "They're sure doin' fine, Mr. Wayne. No complaints whatsoever. Maybe a home was what they needed."

Something's got to give, Ewart thought. Just because a house had been prayed in did not fortify the occupants. How could it? Chet's father and mother, both dedicated Christians, Chet and his wife the same. Dan and Molly were another breed of cats. What did they know of honor or decency? Impossible to think they could learn.

There were glowing letters from Chet and Carol. They had found a comfortable old-fashioned house to rent in Kentucky. Chet was taking readily to Army training. Carol was expecting, both of them eagerly anticipating the new arrival. They mentioned the monthly money orders the Briggs were sending came regularly. No questions about their former home on Pepper Road. Implicit trust.

Ewert turned more understandingly toward the people who filed into his office these days—the broken families, the destitute, the alcoholics, and the delinquents. *If people never are offered faith, how can they acquire it*, Chet had said. In college, Chet had talked in the same radical way. Those were the days Ewert had thought his roommate would wind up in the ministry. Chet had chosen engineering and maintained his stalwart faith. Ewart could not say as much for himself and he wondered. Of course, he attended church on Sundays but what faith he found on the seventh day was promptly lost in the remaining six. Too many broken promises, too much disappointment in people, a welter of sordidness in which belief in man was something to read about, not to live.

On his next visit to the Briggs, a neighbor stopped him. She was a small slender woman with powder-white hair and an undeniable air of refinement. "Do you know," she confided, "when the Thorntons rented their home to the Briggs, we were horrified. We actually planned a petition to oust them. Then a day came when my husband couldn't get his car out of the driveway. Dan came over and pushed. The men got to talking and became friends. Molly's helped me out on several parties. I can't understand it, can you?"

Ewart walked on thoughtfully. Jesus had seen beyond the physical appearance to the core of the men and women beneath the external. An impossible ideal and yet a young soldier and his wife had demonstrated that ideal again.

(Continued on page 30)



Stewardship Is a Family Affair

by Vera Channels

A MAN, WHOSE INCOME WAS LOW and whose financial demands were extraordinary, was once asked if he wasn't tempted to give up tithing. His reply was, "I have tried both ways and I have decided I would rather have nine-tenths of my income with God's blessing on it than ten-tenths without it."

Christian stewardship of money includes the use of the entire family income. The Christian cannot give his tithe to the church and then be careless with the remaining 90 per cent of his income. Neither can he spend his money without regard for the church and the work of Christ in the world. Intelligent and consecrated Christian parents must teach their children how to give wisely, spend wisely, and save wisely in the proper proportions and with the right attitudes. An allowance helps teach children how to use money effectively. Children also profit from an opportunity to plan together in the family for the spending of money and to stick to the plan which they help to formulate.

The financial obligations of the Christian family include what they will give to others, how they will apportion their money for the necessities of life, and how they will save for future spending. Most Christian families plan for regular and adequate giving to the church, many giving at least 10 per cent of their income. The ancient cus-

tom of tithing is applicable to small or large incomes; it stems from a spirit of thankfulness for God's goodness and relieves the family of the annoyance of repeated decisions on how to give. Because it requires discipline in handling financial affairs and gives special meaning and value to the remaining funds, it is an exciting adventure in Christian living. When a family tithes, the church has a significant claim on their lives.

From the very beginning, a child must learn to give wisely. Some families who tithe and wish to teach their children tithing, find that six-year-old Johnny, out of an allowance of ten cents per week, would have only one cent per week for the church. Various solutions may be tried for this problem, but the essential thing is that Johnny get in the habit of setting aside a regular amount each week for the church. This lesson is far more important than the amount of money he gives at age six. The "nickel a week" boys grow up to be "dollar a Sunday" men no matter how large their salary may be. However, the tither at age six will be a substantial giver when he continues to tithe as a grown man.

There are many worthy causes in the community and the world which have a legitimate claim on the resources of the Christian family. These, too, must be considered as the family plans its spending.

One "money mad" eight-year-

old spent her entire allowance on a movie and then was broke when she wanted to buy her mother a birthday present. When she asked her father for additional money, Father said, "No." (But it was hard!)

Children must learn to spend wisely. One of the essentials in training for wise spending is having a plan and sticking to it. If Father gives additional money every time there is a need, soon there will be innumerable needs and the educational experience of an allowance is lost. A child must begin to learn at an early age that, when his money has been spent, he can't "overdraw at the bank" (from Father's pocket) and that "easy credit" (again from Father's pocket) is not so easy for the money must always be paid back. This is being realistic about money.

Children must learn to save wisely. Saving is not easy for small children but, on special occasions, long-range planning is possible for children, particularly when they can appreciate the goals. One family with children aged five, seven, eleven, and thirteen years planned and saved for a trip to Europe. The children helped with the housework. Beyond their regular duties, they shoveled snow, mowed lawns, did baby sitting, and ran errands in order to save money for their trip. The mother and father did extra work and saved too. Five years later they were able to make the trip and to ap-

preciate the advantages of planning and saving together for something very special. Not all families will have such a plan, but the mature Christian family will enjoy saving for some significant and worthwhile purpose. If they can be better off financially each year, they will have a secure and stable feeling, and the children will learn that saving is also a part of using money wisely.

An allowance helps teach children how to use money. Money is a plaything to most children of pre-kindergarten age, but after they are five or six years old they become more eager for money. They like to buy things, and enjoy saving and sharing with others. From this time on, most parents give their children an allowance which is increased gradually through the years of childhood and adolescence, depending on the needs and abilities of the children. By the time they are fourteen or sixteen years old, most children are able to manage an allowance large

enough for clothing, amusements, and incidental expenses.

Children vary in their attitudes toward money, their ability to spend, to save, and to give it to others. Money can be a symbol of power or of worth, or it can be a tool to use in modern living. Some children want to hoard their money; others save for special purchases. Some spend their money for candy for themselves; others treat their friends for fun or to try to buy friendship. Parents, who take an intelligent and realistic view of money, recognizing that all we have is a gift from God, will instill similar attitudes in their children. The mature Christian family will need to know how much it has to spend, and will use the money to best advantage as Christian stewards.

Many children today have allowances by virtue of being members of the family. As they share in the family's income, they also learn to participate in the work and responsibility of the family and to give part of what they have to others. If a child can spend his allowance as he chooses, he will usually learn to use it wisely, when his home influences have been in the right direction. If his allowance is regular and dependable, he will learn to plan ahead.

Each family must decide the amount of the allowance for each child—depending on age, needs, abilities, experiences of the children, and the level of the family income.

It is important for the family to plan together and follow the plan. Suppose a businessman got up on a Monday morning and started to his office at eight o'clock. As he drove to work past the golf course, he decided this was a beautiful day for golf, so he stopped and eighteen holes. By then he was hungry, so he ate lunch at his club. At two o'clock, he remembered that he needed to see a friend about a community responsibility. This involved seeing several other people so, at the end of the day, he was still on his way to the office.

This story is ridiculous. Yet some families squander their money in a haphazard manner

similar to the way this man squandered his time.

The way a family uses its money can be a factor in binding them together—giving them additional common interests, and providing similar goals. The amount of money they have is not as important as their attitudes and the way they use what they have.

When family relationships are based on love and understanding, money matters will also be based on love and understanding. The planning of the budget will be a co-operative undertaking, with each member of the family having a part according to his age and ability. When each individual is partly responsible for the earning of the family income by doing his work and helping to plan the spending of the income, he becomes thoughtful and careful and responsible in money matters.

In order to begin a budget, a family could write down the following items:

1. The proportion of the income which they will give to others
2. The amount required for the necessities such as food, clothing, and shelter
3. The amount they wish to save for long-term buying or for the future

4. The remaining items which they will "take" or "leave" depending on the amount that is left.

They will need to take into account the following items:

1. Bills which may fall due at certain times or at irregular times of the year such as insurance and water bills
2. Future needs
3. Unpredictable expenses.

A plan works best if some record of expenditures is kept. A review and evaluation of last year's budget will be a reminder of items that otherwise might be forgotten.

Stewardship is a family affair. If we want our children to have Christian motives and standards in the use of money, we must help them make wise choices from a very early age and provide many co-operative experiences in the planning and use of the family income.

(See meeting plans on pages 26, 27)

WILBUR



"I certainly hope this is just a phase she's going through."

by Joseph D. Ban

THANKSGIVING

Ways parents may guide their children into
a thoughtful, thankful appreciation of life

A FATHER WAS WALKING ALONG THE MAIN STREET OF town. "Susan," he asked his oldest child, a girl in the third grade, "if you were a mommy, how would you tell your little girl what it means to be thankful and to give thanks?"

"Oh, Daddy," she replied, "I don't know."

Perhaps the father should have been discouraged by this rejoinder, but he tried another approach, "Well, how would you begin to explain about being thankful?"

Then the third-grader replied, "I'd read something from the Bible."

"That's interesting," the father said. "Where in the Bible would you read?"

"From the first part, 'In the beginning.' "

This time it was the father's turn to be surprised and curious. "Why there?" he asked.

"And God created . . ." replied the eight-year-old and in childlike fashion her attention wandered to something else on the street, "Oh, Daddy, look . . ."

Let us think about the lively child and the pensive parent. If parents are to begin to communicate the spirit of thankfulness to their children, this is the place to begin. Thanksgiving is fundamentally an awareness of dependence upon God who created man and the world which sustains him. Gratitude begins when one acknowledges God's grace. Gratitude is the natural response to God's gracious activity in creating, sustaining, and redeeming his children.

How do we teach this attitude of gratitude for God's bounty? We first must recognize that our unconscious attitudes and actions teach as much as our carefully thought out words and deeds. What conscientious Christian parent does not, almost daily, hold up the mirror of life to his soul and ask, "Am I hindering my children from coming to know God or is my life an encouragement to their awareness of him?"

We need to express, frequently, both when we are alone and when with the children, our gratitude for God's gifts. The doxology deserves a central place in the experience of the Christian family. When you are driving along the Skyline Drive and the view of

mountains piled upon mountains, of valley tumbling over valley causes your spirit to soar, let the whole family break into song, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

If it's a winter's day in the snow or a summer's day at the beach, a moment of fun and joy can be the opportunity for expressing thanks to God very naturally and spontaneously. It can be a familiar verse from the Psalms such as,

O give thanks to the LORD, for he is good,
for his steadfast love endures for ever.

Familiarity with some of the psalms of thanksgiving

—Cy La Tour



"And God Created"

can be developed through regular use in the home. Children as young as the third grade have enough reading ability and interest to become familiar with such selections from the Book of Psalms as are found in *Bible Readings for Boys and Girls*.¹

In the life of the family, perhaps no other moments offer as great an opportunity for the developing of the thankful life as the act of expressing thanksgiving, or grace, at each meal. As we bow our heads at every meal our prayers at one and the same time recognize that God has been good to us in providing for life and its sustenance and, too, our hearts' overflow of thankfulness is expressed in words of gratitude. Three times each day the family may pause in a brief period of prayer acknowledging the true Source of all its benefits. The home which makes use of every opportunity for giving thanks verbally is a home certain to be blessed.

Rather than allowing ourselves to fall into the pattern of reciting formula prayers, it may be helpful to the children and to every member of the family to take time before the prayer is offered to ask, "What are some of the experiences for which we should give thanks today? What are some of God's blessings that have brought us joy? What are some of the needs in our own lives, in the world, which we should remember as we pray?" The one who leads in prayer then can include some of the concerns of each member of the family.

A life filled with thanksgiving can be cultivated as we recall our fundamental dependence upon God. This sense of thankful dependence is developed through Bible study and prayer, each of these disciplines entered into both privately and as a family.

If reliance upon God is fundamental, an appreciation of our dependence upon our fellow man further adds to the grateful life. The child deserves to grow in his knowledge of how much depends on the work and efforts of others. As we visit a bakery we might reflect with the child (depending on his age) on the various steps in the procedure which now brings him a cooky! The flour that went into the dough that the baker made into a delicious cooky; the trucks which brought the flour to the baker's back door; the ship or train which carried the wheat from the granary to the miller's; the farmer who sowed the seed and harvested the grain; God's good earth, sunshine, rain, and plan for growth that made the harvest possible. How many, many people worked in order that you and I could experience the good pleasure of the cooky now devoured! This technique can be quite a wonderful game with the older child—how many people worked in order to make possible this delicious meal? The entire family can join in the fun of tracing the steps that brought each of the items to the family table.

Appreciation can grow for the efforts of the many others who work together to make life possible. Visits to such places as dairies, apple cider mills, candy factories, canning and food processing plants allow for new insights into the many hands that labor to make

possible our moments of satisfaction. As the family travels on its holidays and vacations there are many opportunities to see others at work. A child from the north deserves to see how oranges grow and are shipped. The city child needs to know of the source of his daily glasses of milk. The child who lives in the country needs to be aware of the complex factories that bring to him his cereal in boxes for breakfast and the shops that cut and sew his dungarees. Second only to our dependence upon God is our dependence upon the hard work of our fellow men.

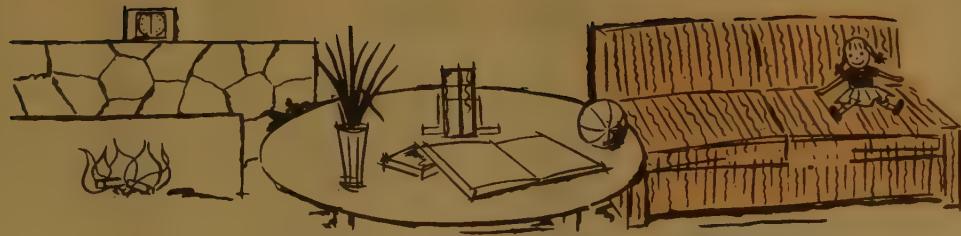
Yet, one more consideration is important as parents attempt to guide their children into a thoughtful, thankful appreciation of life. It is important to a child that his parent express a word of appreciation for the child's efforts. Has the help of your daughter made the day's household chores a bit lighter? Has the company of your son made the trip to the store seem shorter? Has the eye of the child caught some bit of beauty that your adult eye might have bypassed? It means much to a child to be appreciated. This is especially so when he has made an effort to help or to create something in art, writing, music, or crafts. The parent who is on his toes will remember the little things for which honest gratitude can be expressed. The Christian father and mother who live their life of responsibility in Jesus Christ are aware of the deeper gifts of life. Genuine gratitude requires a recognition of God's grace. To say "Thank you, God, for this food—for our comfortable homes—for our good clothes—for our schools—for medical attention" is expressing gratitude, this is true. Yet the heart does not really overflow until we have experienced that wonderful event which compels us to exclaim, "Thank you, God, for giving life, new life." When we have shared in the abundant dynamic of the Christian experience, we can really pray, "Thank you, God, for making me a new person."

The key to gratitude is grace. By grace is meant that life-changing, that personality transforming action of God through his Son, Jesus Christ, that makes us what God intended us to be. Grace is primary. Grace initiates gratitude. Grace releases power in men's souls—power to give thanks and power to act decisively. This gratitude is the very mainspring of Christian living. This thanksgiving is the motive of all service.

Some time ago a father and his young son saw the "Queen Mary" setting out to sea. Then as their eyes turned from that great sight their attention was focused on the spars of a tiny ship, the replica of the "Mayflower" which first brought the pilgrim fathers to these shores. What a small ship it was! It is well to remember that the very first Thanksgiving service came upon their landing. They did not wait for the tables groaning beneath the harvest before they gave thanks. They gave thanks first because of God's goodness in delivering them to this then strange and unknown land. They were grateful for they had experienced God's grace.

Grace—God's action—brings the response of gratitude: man's action in a life of prayerful service.

¹Available from the publishers of this magazine.



for parents

FAMILY WORSHIP

Family Prayer

Prayer is communion with God. It is a two-way connection between God and man. But how do we commune with someone about whom we know so little? What is God like? How shall we think of him? How may we visualize the other end of the line? Jesus came to show us that God is loving and kind and just. When we speak of a personal God, we think of a God who is like the living Christ. One can feel close to and experience that kind of God. If you yourself know and are close to him, it is not difficult to help your children to know God. You then will find that prayer becomes a natural part of your daily lives.

Prayer is adoration of God. In this day of scientific explanation we are losing the art of adoration. The psalmist sang of the hills, the moon, the stars. We cease to wonder because we think there is an explanation of everything. Man knows the whys of things. When we capture the wonder of creation through the eyes of a child, we know what adoration is. One summer evening with my small daughter by my side we lay back on the garden chaise and looked up at the stars. We found meaning in,

*"The heavens are telling the glory of God;
and the firmament proclaims his handiwork."*

Here was the power and intelligence of God in his creation. No man-made satellite can ever match it.

Prayer has to do with confession. Everyone is privileged to know God directly, make confession to him, and receive his forgiveness.

God is the Source of all goodness, so we give thanks for common benefits. We acknowledge our dependence upon God when we give thanks for freedom from danger, for recovery from illness, in welcoming someone back home.

Praying for Others

Prayer should contain intercession for others. Jesus believed in and practiced intercessory prayer. Mothers brought their children that he might put his hands on them and pray. He told Peter that he

prayed for him. He prayed for his disciples. Something good happens to a family that hears others mentioned in prayers. They tend to forget grudges in the understanding of human need. Intercessory prayer provokes them to help, for it is difficult to pray for someone in need without being prompted to act. A praying family learns to be concerned for those outside its own circle.

As we worship together as a family in church we bear witness to our faith in God. The communal sharing with others as a family in this experience is an important part of the life of each member of the family. Here we join in a corporate fellowship of prayer and worship, remembering each other as well as people in all parts of the world.

Learning to Pray

Children learn to pray by imitation. When parents bow their heads, the child does, too. His first prayers are taught to him by his mother. Just as he learns to walk alone, he needs to pray alone. Children will not have mature ideas about prayer but when guidance is provided they soon pray

naturally. Begin both guidance and example early. Let them see that you believe in prayer. When you tuck them into bed, help them to express their thanks to God. Take turns expressing thanks or saying grace at mealtime. Use prayers which will be meaningful to the children. You can worship on their level easier than they can on yours. The ultimate value of family prayer is that the individual grows up with a sense of dependence upon God. What we accomplish is done with God's help. He is there when we feel a need of him, sustaining us throughout our trials, forgiving our shortcomings, providing for all of our needs with constancy and loving-kindness.

Through prayer a child learns that God is concerned with the world and we are linked with his purpose for it. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

The material on this and the four following pages, unless otherwise noted, was prepared by Mary C. Odell.

Theme: He Forgives

OUR BIBLE

Mabel A. McCaw

Maxine G. McCaw

Our Bi - ble tells us that in love tells God which sent his us on - ly to Son live
 I like the stor - ies that it tells teach us how to live
 To live on earth to bring new life And joy to ev - ery one.
 By be - ing lov - ing, kind and true, And rea - dy to for give.

I'm Sorry (K.P.)

It was a busy day for Mother. Company was coming for dinner. Judy's baby brother was just big enough to crawl. He was into everything! Mother had asked Judy to look after her brother while she went about her work.

For awhile Judy played with Tommie. Then she got out her toy dishes and began to play getting-ready-for-company. She set the table. Soon she was so busy she forgot Tommie.

Judy turned her back. Then she heard a crash. The table was on top of Tommie and the dishes all around him. Two of her cups were broken. Tommie was crying. Judy was about to scold him when she saw his finger was cut.

Judy forgot her anger and gathered him up in her arms. "Oh, I'm sorry, Tommie!" she said. "It was my fault. I forgot all about you!" And she ran with him to Mother.

The cut was a small one. Judy felt worse than her brother. Mother comforted them both. "Everything will be all right," she said.

Tommie held up his arms to his sister and they were off to play.

A Bible Passage

*Bless the LORD, O my soul;
and all that is within me,
bless his holy name!*

who forgives all your iniquity.

—Psalm 103:1, 3.

Asking God's Help and Forgiveness

Dear God, I like so much to have my way

And do exactly what I want to do.
Sometimes I do not stop to try to think

Whether or not my way is good or true.

And so I find, dear Lord, that what I've done

Is sometimes what is neither good nor true.

But then I find it's harder still to stop—

I still like doing what I want to do.

Help me, dear Lord, when what I want is wrong,

To turn around and go the other way.

Forgive me for ignoring what is right.

Help me to try again to love Thy way.

—Grace W. McGavran

*From *All Through the Year*, copyright, 1958, by The Bethany Press. Original copyright by W. L. Jenkins, The Westminster Press.

You must do it yourself, but I'll be near you."

Jim felt relieved. It was good to talk about it.

The next morning they did as they had planned. Jim rang the door bell. He told what had happened. He offered to pay for the window. The lady asked about the other boys. Then she said, "Since you had the courage to tell about it, I will forget it. Perhaps we can be friends."

"Thank you," said Jim. "I'll tell the boys. I'm sure they will be your friends, too."

Theme: He Heals

A Bible Passage

Bless the LORD, O my soul;
and all that is within me,
bless his holy name!

who heals all your diseases.

—Psalm 103:1, 3.

Thank You

I thank You, Father, for the
friends
Who work each day for me.
For ones that I can call by name,
And those I never see.

The farmer and the dairyman,
The men who make my bread;
For all the folks who work at
night

When I'm asleep in bed.

For doctors and for garbage men
Who help to keep me well,
For friendly clerks I meet in stores
With books and toys to sell.

For these and many more I pray
Who work so hard for me each
day.

—Belle Chapman Morrill¹

My Doctor

My doctor is so very tall,
His coat is spotless white.
He comes to see me anytime,
Especially at night.

He has a funny telephone,
And listens to me tick.
He smiles at me and winks his eye,
And says, "He isn't sick!"

Sometimes he turns me upside
down,
And does a funny thing;
He sticks a needle in my rear,
And says, "Now this will sting!"

But even so, he is my friend,
And watches me with care.
I think I'll be his special friend,
And include him in my prayer.

—Mary C. Odell

Prayer: Dear God, I am glad for
the doctor who takes care of me.
I am glad he knows how to help
me get well. Thank you for all
others who help us when we are
sick. Amen.

A Busy Day (K,P)

Jesus had chosen four men to be
his friends and helpers. Their
names were Simon, Andrew,
James, and John. Together they
went to worship at the synagogue.
Jesus taught in the synagogue and
answered the people's questions.

After the service Simon took Je-
sus and the others home to dinner.
But dinner was not ready. The
mother of Simon's wife was sick
with a fever. She was so sick she
had not been able to help with the
dinner.

When Jesus found out what
had happened, he asked to see
Simon's mother-in-law. He took
her by the hand and talked to her.

As Jesus talked, the pain and
fever left her. Jesus took her hand
and helped her up. She felt well
and strong. She hurried to help
get the dinner ready.

That same evening, just as the
sun was going down, they saw
many people gathering outside.
They had heard how Jesus could
help people. So they had brought
their sick to him. He walked
among them, touching and healing
them. Everyone who had need of
Jesus was helped.

When I Am Sick (J)

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

This is part of a poem written
by Robert Louis Stevenson who
had been sick many times when he
was a little boy. If you were to
write another verse you might tell
about how your mother helped to
make you comfortable. When you
were hot with fever, she would
sponge you with water and dust
you with soothing powder. She
would talk to you, read to you,
give you your medicine.

You might add a verse about
how your father came to see how
you were feeling, how he took
your temperature, how he sat with
you while your mother was busy,
how he got up at night to give you
a drink of water.

God has planned for us to live
as families. He has showed fa-
thers and mothers how to care for
their children at all times—when
they are sick and when they are
well. He has given them a spe-
cial kind of love for each other
and for their children.

—Lil & Al Bloom



¹Reprinted from *Hearststone*, copyrighted
June, 1958.

A Bible Passage

*Bless the LORD, O my soul;
and all that is within me, bless his holy name!
Who satisfies you with good as long as you live
so that your youth is renewed like the eagle's.*

—Psalm 103:1, 5.

Thanksgiving

We thank the Lord for fruitful fields
For ample crops we share,
We thank Him for the rain and sun
And for His tender care.

God gives us each our daily bread,
And now in autumn days
We say a special prayer of thanks
To give the Lord our praise!

—Nona Keen Duffy¹

¹Adapted slightly and reprinted from *Hearthstone*, copyrighted, November, 1953.

A Song of Thanksgiving (J)

We thank you, God, for things we see: white clouds in a blue sky, ripened corn and orange pumpkins in a brown field, wild geese flying overhead, smoke curling from a chimney, leaves tumbling before the wind, loving faces of our family, the lovely colors of warm winter clothes.

Praise the Lord for his lovingkindness,
And for his wonderful works to the
children of men.

We thank you, God, for things we hear: the song of birds, bells ringing in a church steeple, music playing, the sound of laughter, rustling leaves crumbling underfoot. But most of all we are glad and thankful for the voices of friends and family.

Praise the Lord for his lovingkindness,
And for his wonderful works to the
children of men.

We thank you, God, for things we smell: burning leaves, bread baking in the oven, the spicy smell of pumpkin pie and molasses cookies, mother's perfume when she dresses to go out, flowers freshly put upon the table.

Praise the Lord for his lovingkindness,
And for his wonderful works to the
children of men.

We thank you, God, for things we feel: the wind on our faces, our pillows at night, the comforting caress of a warm blanket, Mother's hand when we need comfort, the warmth of an open fire, Daddy's hand when we go walking.

Praise the Lord for his lovingkindness,
And for his wonderful works to the
children of men.

To Grandmother's House (K,P)

Mary Lou was on her way to Grandmother's house for Thanksgiving. She sat in the car watching the snowflakes falling against the windshield. As Daddy drove the car over a long bridge he sang a happy song:

*"Over the river and through the woods,
To Grandmother's house we go.
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow."*

Mary Lou giggled. "That's a funny song. We don't have a horse and sleigh. We don't go through the woods, and the snow isn't deep."

"But we are going to Grandmother's house," laughed Daddy, as he turned in the drive and blew the horn. "And here we are!"

Granddaddy opened the door and came out to welcome them. Grandmother stood in the doorway. She had a red apron over her dress. Her cheeks were pink as she stooped to give Mary Lou a welcoming kiss.

"Mmm! You get prettier every day," Daddy said to Grandmother. "And just smell that turkey roasting!"

At the dinner table they all bowed their heads as Granddaddy gave a special prayer of thanks to God for all the things they enjoyed, for the love of their family and friends. He asked God's blessing on all those who could not enjoy such things. Mary Lou thought of the basket of food she and Daddy had taken to a family yesterday. She hoped that that family would have a happy Thanksgiving.

As Granddaddy carved the turkey and filled Mary Lou's plate with good things, she knew she had much beside the good Thanksgiving dinner for which to be grateful—not only on Thanksgiving Day, but every day throughout the year!

—Ewing Galloway



A Bible Passage

*Bless the L ORD, O my soul;
and all that is within me, bless his holy name!
Bless the L ORD, O my soul,
and forget not all his benefits.*

—Psalm 103:1-2.

I fear no evil;
for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff,
they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
thou anointest my head with oil,
my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;
and I shall dwell in the house of the L ORD for ever."

(Psalm 23.)

"The shepherd looked about him and thought about how God had made the world, and he sang, 'The earth is the L ORD's and the fulness thereof, the world and those who dwell therein.'

(Psalm 24:1.)

"The shepherd thought that he had so much to make him glad that he should never forget to give his thanks to God. So he sang another song."

Once again Mother read,
"Bless the L ORD, O my soul!
O L ORD my God, thou art very great!
Thou makest springs gush forth in the valleys;
they flow between the hills,
they give drink to every beast of the field;
the wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the birds of the air have their habitation;
they sing among the branches.
Thou dost cause the grass to grow for the cattle,
and plants for man to cultivate,
that he may bring forth food from the earth,
and bread to strengthen man's heart.
The trees of the L ORD are watered abundantly,
the cedars of Lebanon which he planted.
In them the birds build their nests;
the stork has her home in the fir trees.
The high mountains are for the wild goats;
the rocks are a refuge for the badgers.
Thou hast made the moon to mark the seasons;
the sun knows its time for setting.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night.
O L ORD, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all;
the earth is full of thy creatures."

(Psalm 104:1, 10-12, 14, 15b-20a, 24.)

"I know a happy song, too," said Benny. "It goes like this, 'How strong and sweet my Father's care!'"

—Luoma Photos

Sing a Happy Song

"Mother, why do you always sing when you are doing your housework?" Benny asked.

"I had not thought about it," Mother replied. "I suppose it is because I am happy. I have so many things which make me happy. It makes me want to sing. I have you for my son. I have our baby, Ruth. I have Daddy. I have my house to keep for all of you. I have my church. Oh, so many things!"

"Do people always sing when they are happy?" Benny asked.

Mother put a glass of milk and a cookie on the table for Benny. She sat down beside him. Benny felt a story coming.

"Long ago there was a young shepherd who looked after a flock of sheep. He had no one to talk to. So he did a lot of thinking. He loved the out-of-doors. He loved God. He was happy. So he sang songs as he watched his sheep. He sang a song about how God loves us. Let me read it to you."

Mother reached for her Bible on the kitchen shelf. She read the shepherd's song.

"The L ORD is my shepherd, I shall not want;
he makes me lie down in green pastures.
He leads me beside still waters;
he restores my soul.
He leads me in paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.
Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death,

The Digging Dog

by Enola Chamberlin

WHEN FATHER BROUGHT SPIKE, a brown and white terrier, home one night, Joe nearly burst with happiness.

"Is he mine?" Joe asked as he hugged the little dog in his arms. The little dog licked Joe's

face all over as he asked the question.

"Yes, he's yours," Father said, "but you have to train him. You mustn't let him run into other people's yards, for one thing. And you must teach him not to dig holes in our yard, for another."

"I'll teach him," Joe said, "but maybe he won't do those things."

Mother did not look too happy. "Dogs always dig," she said. "It's part of their nature."

"They generally have to be digging for something," Father said.

"Seems as if they always find something to dig for," Mother said.

Joe was happy. He had wanted a dog for a long time. Always he had been told he wasn't big enough to care for or to train a dog. Now, it seemed, Father thought he was big enough to do both. He made up his mind to do them and to do them right.

Taking care of Spike was easy. Fresh water in a clean dish all of the time. Food in a clean dish night and morning. The hardest part was having to tie Spike under the tree in the back yard every morning before the school bus came.

"I'll be home early," he told Spike, "and some day I'll have you trained so you'll stay here without being tied."

Spike was a good dog. He didn't bark—not much anyway. He did go over into the neighbors' yards a few times when he was loose. Joe went after him and spanked him with a folded newspaper that made an awful noise but didn't hurt. Spike got the idea and stayed at home.

And Spike didn't dig holes except the little ones where he put his bones and covered them over and patted them down with his nose. That is he didn't, until one day . . .

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Joe heard his mother call, "my beautiful plant!"

Joe ran out. Spike had dug a hole, a real hole this time under the big hydrangea whose branches covered the ground in a circle. The large pink, pillow-like flowers trembled with the flurry of Spike's digging.

(Continued on page 30)

"JOHN!" AS HIS DAD ROARED John's name, the newspaper behind which he had sought a moment of relaxation became a tattered crunch between his two clenched symbols of exasperation. John and Tom! Turn that blasted rock 'n' roll down." Then, regretting his loss of temper, he called in a contrite tone, "Can't you play some good music?"

The beat from the boys' room softened. Dad tried to go back to the news, sports, and comics. He ran his eyes down a report of a United Nations debate and read that one Ambassador had demanded of the others, "Can't you play some good music?" He flipped to sports and looked at a picture of a wrestler who was asking his pinned opponent, "Can't you play some good music?" He turned to comics where the Bumstead dogs were all yapping at Dagwood, "Can't you play some good music?"

Dad's own question had gotten stuck in his mind. "Can't you play some good music?"

Dad put his paper down and faced his own question. He then recalled another question he had asked some years before. He had come home all pushed out of shape by a rough day at the office. His split-level tension had reacted with considerable force to the music the boys then had on their record player. "Who wants to listen to that longhair stuff?" he had queried. They had resentfully turned off Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Dad now turned his eyes to the floor. The truth was penetrating his ego. About all he had ever told them about music was that Beethoven is "longhair" and rock 'n' roll is "blasted." So what was this "good music" he was now asking them to play?

John's and Tom's father is one of a great number of parents who, quite unintentionally, have bequeathed to many of today's teenagers their sometimes mixed-up tastes in music. Can we help him face his past failure and do something about his present responsibility?

Let us help dads like theirs dis-



"Are Our Teen-agers Hi-Fi?"

by August F. Ballbach, Jr.

cover that music is a universal language. Several persons who use different languages and vocabularies can't tell one another, "Now, let's walk across this room in a slow and stately manner." But if you play a largo movement as they walk, they will all tend to walk slowly and gracefully. The music will have communicated a similar mood to each of them. The universality of music as a language suggests that it might help the parental and youthful generations to communicate.

Dads and mothers may be bewildered by the tunes, rhythms and sounds their teen-agers seem to like. Perhaps they do not think

of rock 'n' roll as music. They may need to recall that through the ages music has had its ups and downs. Sometimes it has communicated sublime sentiments. At other times it has reflected low and vulgar tastes. Every art has periods of experiment, peaks of creativity, moments of confusion. Music, like other art forms, is a medium through which people express their feelings. Parents may not like some of the music their teen-agers enjoy or the feelings the music suggests, but they need to try to understand it.

In a recent radio broadcast, one father shared with a panel of average high school students from

Christian homes some discussion about music. These panelists expressed the feeling that any art form is by nature creative and in that sense divine. Developing their subject as it is related to teen-agers' likes and dislikes, the panelists concluded that jazz is an art form, but that the current "beat" is not.

One high school senior said, "I just do not have the time to listen to it." It should be noted that her parents, though not professional musicians themselves, had given her some significant musical opportunities. She, and each of her sisters and brothers, is becoming proficient with at least one musical instrument.

Parents can learn much about teen-agers, and musical art, by studying their tastes in music. They, with their teen-agers, can explore what good music is, in terms of its composition, and in terms of its effect on people. This can be an exciting experience. It can open up new dimensions of communication between parents and teen-agers. Reading a book, such as *Music Through the Ages*, by Marion Bauer and Ethel R. Peyer, can be stimulating and of great interest. Through shared reading, parents and teen-agers can together make such discoveries as the fact that in 1924 "Paul

Whiteman changed the face of jazz by reducing it from a rah-rah noisemaker to an orchestra of beautiful new timbres and original effects."

The more we understand about a subject, the more tolerant, sympathetic, and appreciative we become. We become able to lead others to higher levels of knowledge and appreciation. Too long have parents relegated music appreciation to the public school teacher's *do-re-mi* of the diatonic scale. Music has a contribution to make to the mental, emotional, and spiritual development of our teen-agers. Parents must take considerable responsibility for seeing that music gets its chance with their teen-agers. A primary step is for parents to let music have its chance with them.

Before we parents start criticizing, we had better get wise. When "John" or "Debbie" or "Stevie" spin a platter that strikes an exposed nerve, let's ask ourselves some questions. Why does this bother us? Why are we not understanding this music? Why are we not understanding what this music means to our teen-agers? Could this suggest that we don't understand our own children as we ought?

Many of us have lots of home-

work to do in this understanding contemporary music business. For instance, just what is rock 'n' roll?

Actually, the term rock 'n' roll, while technically defined as an evolution of Rhythm-and-Blues and Country-and-Western—three beats with two beats back—is not considered by a large number of people to be art form. The term rock 'n' roll is as nonspecific to musicians as lumbago is to medicos. For example, a large metropolitan radio station advertises a policy of not permitting any rock 'n' roll during its 24-hour broadcasting day. Yet it uses platters that are also heard on other stations identifying themselves as "rock 'n' roll" outlets.

Many popular band leaders and performers declare that they play rock 'n' roll because it is what the people want. They say that the popular band's true preference is progressive jazz, dixie land, or some other modern form which allows creativity. A surprising number of these rock 'n' rollers love and practice considerable classical music, old and new.

Once we get this far in evaluating our own contemporary music appreciation, we see all kinds of new avenues opening up. What is the relation of rock 'n' roll to jazz? What is the relation of jazz to classical music? What different contributions do various kinds of music make to our relation with God and others?

This last question is of primary concern. Life is empty, vain, wasted time and energy if we live it without God. We must relate to him, and his other children. Music can help, if we use it understandingly and judiciously.

The answer to the question, "Are our teen-agers hi-fi?" depends largely upon another. "Are we parents hi-fi?" High-Fidelity parents will provide helpful musical opportunities and equipment. They will share with their teenagers the joy of learning about music, cultivating music appreciation and, possibly, musical creation, as a means of expressing their joy in life, their faith in God, and their comradeship with their fellows.

With Grateful Hearts

With loved ones gathered round us here
In our accustomed, happy way,
We come to Thee with grateful hearts
To thank Thee, Father, for this day

And its good gifts, so lavishly
Spread out before us on this board—
Symbolic of thy greater gifts:
Eternal life and love, dear Lord.

As day by day the manna falls,
May we be ever more aware
Of Thee—thy truth, thy law, thy power,
Thy wisdom and thy gracious care.

We thank Thee, too, that memories
Of these glad moments will remain
To link us closer still to Thee
Until we all shall meet again.

—Rowena Cheney

Susan Hodges Writes a Letter

by Myles D. Blanchard



"The time has come when I must confess my situation very frankly. . . ."

AUTUMN WAS ALREADY BEING HARD PUSHED by an early winter. The sun had lowered itself behind the mountains that hedged in the small New England village and Susan Hodges, sitting by the window of her living room, was watching the evening slowly dissolve into night.

A chill had seeped into the old house and now it was working its way into her own slim frame, and yet she knew its source was not alone the advancing winter winds: it really was born out of her advancing years.

For a second, she could hear the voices of children—her own. There was Mary's gay laughter as she said good night to her friends at the front gate and there was Jim's strident tones as he came through the door. Then she caught herself. The echo of voices didn't last forty years, not even in these mountains which could pass sounds back and forth seemingly without end.

Jim—she closed her eyes. Jim was a professor out in California. He had done well. His name was always appearing in various trade journals and he was recognized as a leader in the field of electronics. Mary was happily married to Bill Halliday out in Denver. Susan knew that their father would have been very proud of them if he had been able to live to see what had come to them.

Just now she wished they were both a little nearer. She pulled the sweater more tightly around her shoulders but it did not serve

to make her any warmer. She knew that the cold was coming from within her.

Voices. The voices of yesteryear—voices that could never return through the throats of her children. Why did one have to get old and useless and live with recurring aches and pains, to say nothing of memories? Why did one have to be alone?

She opened her eyes to discover that the outside darkness had invaded her room and yet she made no move to turn on the light. She simply kept on thinking. There was only one answer to her problem. Soon she would have to let one of her children know that she was out of money, that the nest egg John had left her was about gone. Nobody would want to buy her small place in the village. Real estate was a drug on the market. Many families had already left the community for the opportunities being offered by far-away places. People weren't looking for old houses that would cost more to repair than to buy.

Slowly she got to her feet. It would be Jim, of course, to whom she would have to write, and she would do it tomorrow. She had been postponing it for a long time but with the rising sun she would get the letter off. Tonight she could dream again . . . of those days that had come and gone.

* * *

The morning came almost too soon, yet here it was, and here also was the task she had ap-

pointed herself. Finished with her few breakfast dishes, she went to the old secretary and took out some writing paper. Well, the first two words seemed obvious enough—"Dear Jim, . . ." Slowly the sentences began to form in her mind. "I really don't know how to begin this letter or what to say but I am certain you must suspect that the one thing I have dreaded more than anything else is to become dependent on anybody. I have always wanted to live out life without being a burden and yet the time has come when I must confess my situation very frankly. . . ."

Very simply she told her story from that point on. She explained that if it were possible she would like to live out her days in her own home, but if that was impossible she would try to sell it and in the meantime perhaps he could advance her enough to get by until she could put the house on the market and get rid of it. She would, of course, consider it a loan. Then she signed it "Mother" and slipped it into an envelope which she addressed. She glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was eleven o'clock and since the mail didn't leave until around two she would wait until the very last minute before she would take it down to the post office.

* * *

It was a half hour later, when she was out in the kitchen, that she heard a noise like a shot but soon realized that it was a blow-

out. She went to the front window to see whose misfortune it was. There she saw a young man standing beside his car, looking the situation over. He was a nice young man, she thought—he even looked like Jim had at that age.

She watched him as he got out the jack and tools. She even pitied him in a motherly sort of way, although she knew that his plight was nothing for a husky young man. Then, when he was nearly finished, a sudden impulse seized her. She went out to where he was standing. He saw her coming and smiled. "Had a little tough luck," he said.

"So I see," she commented. "Is everything all right now?"

"Appears to be."

Something told her not to let this young man get away. He reminded her so much of Jim. "I have some hot coffee inside, if it will help any."

He reacted promptly. "It would be wonderful, but I don't want to put you out."

Put her out! And here she was trying to detain him because she needed somebody to talk to. "Come in—please do."

He followed her into the house and sat down in the old living room. In a minute she was back with some coffee and homemade doughnuts. She saw his eyes light up. "I think I should introduce myself," he said. "I am David Harwood."

In some sort of way the name sounded familiar but she couldn't quite place where she had heard it. "I'm glad to know you. . . ."

He sipped his coffee. "I guess I should tell you why I am in your village. You see, I'm looking over your church, or rather, the church is looking me over. I preach here tomorrow," he explained, "and then they will decide whether they want to call me as their minister."

Now she knew where she had heard his name. "I hope you like our town," she said. "It's very small, you know."

He laughed. "So am I, I think. I have just graduated from theological school and I don't believe

there is anything much smaller than that."

"It's a pretty church, though," Susan said, "and there are some mighty fine people in it, too."

"I'm certain of that." Then his face clouded. "There wasn't anything said about a parsonage."

She shook her head. "There isn't any."

"Oh . . ."

"I suppose you need one. You are married, of course."

"Not yet," he answered. "I told Marsha that I wanted to make certain I could support her before I asked her to be a minister's wife. Without a parsonage, . . . it's going to be difficult."

Susan Hodges pondered matters. "I suppose Mark Wilson is putting you up over night."

"No. He wrote something about sickness in his home, but I'll find some place."

She remembered that Mark's mother had been having one of her bad spells. "Do you think you would be comfortable in an old house like this just for one night?"

He looked relieved. "Comfortable? I know I would but I don't want to bother you."

Her face beamed. "You don't know how much of a favor you would be doing me by staying here, and I don't think I could ever make you understand because you are a young man and all your memories are still in front of you, or most of them anyway."

So he stayed. He had lunch and then he decided to look the town over. Just as he was leaving she handed him the letter she had written to Jim. "Would you mind dropping this off at the post office?"

"Certainly not." He slipped it into his pocket and she watched him drive away. While he was gone she baked an apple pie and made a hamburg loaf for supper. It had been a long time since she had cooked for more than one and now the whole task was nothing but pleasure.

At four he returned and without knocking came through the side door into the living room and called "Hi!" Her heart jumped.

"I'm out in the kitchen. Come on out," she called back to him.

He was smiling as he came through the door. "I like this town," he said. "I only hope the church likes me. . . ."

* * *

The next morning found Susan Hodges in her pew. Over the years she had seen pastors come and go, but now she was entranced as she watched young Reverend Harwood conduct the service. She couldn't get over how much he looked like her Jim. She noted that he was not at all nervous and he sang the hymns with a sort of gusto, something none of the members did. He talked about how God was good and told his hearers that although trouble was bound to come to them, in the long run they would find that God was love. It did her a lot of good to hear that said once more. It was something she needed to be assured of.

Occasionally she would glance at her neighbors in the pews to see what their reactions might be and she noticed, among other things, that Mrs. Wiggins was not taking her usual nap, although she didn't know whether this was good or bad. Maybe the young man was irritating her so much that she simply couldn't get to sleep.

She heard him read a notice to the effect that there would be a special business meeting following the service. Suddenly, she was glad that she had to go home and cook his dinner because she didn't want to stay and hear all sorts of personal questions asked this nice young man. So after the benediction, she left the church and made her way to her old home. She hoped they would ask this young man to stay with them he was so nice.

* * *

It was an hour before he appeared. By the look on his face as he came up the walk she was not at all certain what had happened. He forced a smile as he came through the door.

"Did they? . . ." she started to ask.

He shook his head. "No. They asked me a lot of questions and then suggested that I leave. They are still in session."

She would have liked to say that he was certain he was to be their next minister but she couldn't uncover that much faith. Instead he said, "Well, dinner is ready. I hope you like steak."

"Steak! You should not have gone to the expense of steak," he said. But she could see that he was pleased at the prospects.

It was in the middle of the meal that footsteps sounded on the side porch. "Sounds like Mark Wilson," Susan Hodges said. "I'll see."

In a few seconds she was back. She nodded toward the living room. "He's in there and wants to talk with you."

"Won't you come in with me?" he asked. "I'd appreciate it very much...."

Susan followed him into the living room. "Mr. Harwood," Mark Wilson began, "After you left we discussed matters a great deal and then came to a conclusion."

"Yes?"

"We don't want to offend you in the slightest. We all liked your sermon and we would like to have you as our minister but there is one drawback."

"Yes...."

"Well—we've been looking forward to having a minister with a wife. You said something about getting married later on, but we would like to know how much later on."

David Harwood nodded. "I do want to get married, but there are certain reasons why I can't...."

Susan interrupted him. "He needs a place to live, Mark—and we haven't a parsonage."

The young minister agreed. "You see, I can't very well ask Marsha to come here without a place where we could live, and I don't believe I could afford to rent a place...."

There was silence for a minute and then Susan turned to Mark Wilson. "Mark, are those people still at the church?"

"Why—yes."

She stood with her hands on her hips. "Mark Wilson, do you remember the day you broke my front window with a baseball and I told you to go home and tell your folks what you did and you went?"

"I certainly do, Susan."

"Well, you have another message to carry now. You go back and tell those church members...."

* * *

After Mark Wilson had returned with the word that everything was settled, Susan explained matters to her new pastor. "So I want you and Marsha to come here and make this your home. This will be your house. I have just one request, that I can stay along, too, because I love it here and if I can keep my own room and you give me my meals, I'll be very happy. In that way you can get started in the ministry together and there is really nothing like starting out together."

"But...."

"And I'll wash the dishes, too. And after awhile I'll baby sit."

"I don't know what to say," the young man said. "There will be noise and people coming and going."

Her eyes brightened. "There will? That will be wonderful. There has not been much noise in this old house for a long time."

Suddenly he put his hand into his pocket and his face paled. He withdrew an envelope. Slowly he began to speak. "That letter you gave me to mail yesterday...." Now his face took on color until it was beet-red. "I forgot to do it."

Susan Hodges' face spread into an infectious smile. "You're just like Jim," she said.

"I'm so sorry...."

She was still smiling. "That's the most important letter any man ever forgot to mail," she said. "And you will just never know how happy I am that you have such a poor memory."

Slowly she took the envelope and tore it into small bits and dropped it into a wastebasket.

Some may claim this item is not worth recording, since, in the world of headliness, it raised not even a ripple of notice. Yet, there may be those others in whom it will kindle a pleasant glow.

Two five-year-olds, Margaret and Ian, were taken by the matron from the Polworth Home for Children in Edinburgh to the zoo. Their outing was a grand success. To top it off, their good-hearted guide led them into a snack bar.

Milk for both youngsters was ordered.

As the waitress placed the glasses in front of them, Margaret leaned forward. In a voice that was plainly audible to everyone at the crowded counter, she spoke up, "Remember, Ian, say your grace."

The little boy nodded and bent his head.

A sudden hush settled throughout the room. Not a cup rattled. Even the waitresses stood still as Ian repeated the familiar prayer by Mrs. Edith Rutter Leatham:

"Thank you for the world so sweet,
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that sing,
Thank you, God, for everything."

Yes, for a moment the busy world of the snack bar was brought to a standstill. But it was only because a small boy was pouring out his thanks to the Giver of All Good!

1. Peace Begins at Home

Purpose:

To help parents see how they create within their own homes the attitudes that make the difference between war and peace, and to help them to understand that peace and war are growing realities, not conditions established by some governmental declaration.

Preparation:

A. Obtain enough Bibles and enough copies of this issue of *Hearthstone* that each person involved may have one of each.

B. Assign a worship leader far enough ahead of the meeting that he will have time to prepare thoroughly, since the suggested worship service is actually a part of the total discussion. Part of his preparation will be to have enough scriptural references typed on small pieces of paper to hand to each member of the group. Some are suggested here, others can be found by consulting a concordance: Proverbs 30:33; Matthew 5:9, 38-41; Romans 14:17, 19; Ephesians 2:14-16; 2 Corinthians 13:11; James 3:18; 4:1-3; Isaiah 2:4; 32:17; 9:6; 57:21; Psalms 28:3; 68:30; 85:8; Jeremiah 8:15; 28:9; John 16:33; 2 Timothy 2:22.

C. Assign two people to carry on a conversation that will lead to concrete suggestions as to how the home can work for peace. Suggestions for this conversation are included below.

The Meeting

A. Bibles, references, and copies of *Hearthstone* should be handed

to people as they enter the meeting.

B. Time (ten minutes at most) should be allowed for members to read the article which is the basis for this study.

C. The worship leader will open the meeting with a brief call to worship. He will then ask each person to look up his scriptural reference, telling him that time will be allowed to read it and for meditation upon its meaning. Then each person will be given a very brief period to explain what he feels to be the meaning of the verse. The leader will move directly from this to an introduction of the two people who will lead the discussion. Reference should be made to the emphasis stressed in the article: *that peace is not simply an absence of war, but a growing ability to communicate with other individuals and groups and to develop appreciation and understanding.* Wherever this happens there is peace, in spite of conflict elsewhere.

D. From this introduction, the two people go on to conduct a conversation centered around the idea, "The Causes of War Begin at Home"—listing some of the causes of war and pointing out how the attitudes that contribute to these causes are most often learned at home. For example:

1. *Race prejudice.* There is a little story that might be fun to use here. It is supposed that in a survey on prejudice, a teen-aged boy was asked where he had learned his prejudices. His response was, "At my mother's knee, and other joints!"

2. *Overpopulation.* Here a discussion of birth control and its relevance for the countries where population is fast outgrowing food supply might be in order. There are many excellent books available in any library today on this problem of overpopulation.

3. *Excessive nationalism.* Contrast this with an awareness of the necessity of our thinking more and more of ourselves as involved in the whole world. The slogan, "Buy American," and the frequent criticism of the United Nations are both examples of this fear of international involvement.

4. *The assumption that violence is the only way to settle disputes.* Our children are exposed to this constantly, by our own admonitions that they defend themselves when attacked, by the programs they watch on TV, by everything they read in the newspapers. This carries over to the assumption that this is also the only way to solve disputes between nations—a most dangerous assumption in this nuclear age.

As the two leaders talk, they will think of many other causes of war that can be affected one way or the other by attitudes and training in the home. As for the format of their conversation, they should work this out together, but they might keep in mind that it will be most effective if it is kept natural and informal.

Before too long a time has elapsed, the discussion should be thrown open to the group and should include additional ideas that

(Continued on page 30)

2. The Family's Responsibility for World Peace

Purpose:

To make parents aware of the ways in which they can promote peace in their own communities, and thus contribute to the growing reality of peace in the world.

Preparation:

A. Select a worship leader and decide with him which of the two suggested worship services to use.

B. If the suggested film is to be used, order well ahead from Audio-Visual Services, United Christian Missionary Society, Indianapolis 7, Indiana. The rental charge is \$7.50. Also be sure that the necessary equipment for showing the film is available and that the worship leader has an opportunity to view the film before the meeting.

C. Select a leader for the meeting who will be responsible for opening remarks and for leading the discussion.

The Meeting:

A. The worship leader will open with a brief call to worship followed by the film, *The Toy Maker*, which will provide a background for the meeting and discussion. He will close this part of the worship service by reading 2 Corinthians 12:12-27.

B. Alternate worship service:

The leader will open with a brief call to worship, and then read as a scriptural passage, John 14:25-27. He will follow this with a brief meditation along these lines: "What did Jesus have in mind here? A general feeling of tranquility? The absence of disagree-

ment for whatever reason? Inner peace that allows one to kill with impunity or that allows one to remain indifferent to the misery around him? There is only one way to find what a man means. You look at what he does. What did Jesus do?" Here several scriptural passages should be mentioned or read dealing with Jesus' treatment of people—the acts of healing and kindness and reconciliation that can be found throughout the Gospels. He would close and lead into the discussion with the question, "What do we do?"

C. The chairman will introduce the leader for the meeting. The following might serve as a suggestive outline for his opening remarks: "We are going to do a bit of role-playing today. We will imagine that we are the City Council in session. In past meetings we have talked about taxes, sewage disposal, zoning ordinances, raising the water rates and the bus fares. We have never talked about our major problem—the establishment of peace. You smile at this, but what is more important in our world today? The evidences of conflict and war are all around us." He will then bring out newspaper clippings he has collected illustrating these evidences: teen-age gang wars; racial conflict; tension between labor and management; marital conflict ending in divorce; mental illness with its evidence of estrangement and despair; drunkenness and the evils attendant upon it. Any day's newspaper will provide countless examples, and the group

itself may want to add some from their own reading. He then can go on to lead the group in a discussion of what responsibility they as the City Council have for dealing with these problems, and, if they have a responsibility, what specific things they can do. However, he should probably move from this fairly quickly to change the role of the group—pointing out that, though they are not as a matter of fact the City Council, they *can* guide the Council. This should lead to a discussion of the church's responsibility for bridging gaps of misunderstanding and conflict in the community, keeping in mind the definition of peace suggested by the article—*Peace is the presence of ever-expanding bonds of understanding and appreciation between individuals and groups*.

He might start discussion by listing a number of suggestions for them to consider:

1. Provision of recreational opportunities for young people
2. Inviting members of other races into individual homes in the church
3. Sponsoring a refugee family
4. Surveying the racial make-up of the community and discussing evangelism as related to the results of the survey
5. Planning of an evening's discussion of nonviolence as a technique for settling disputes

(Continued on page 30)

1. Planning Family Finances

Two meeting plans for parents' classes and discussion groups

by Vera Channels

Purpose of the Meeting:

To lead the group to recognize that stewardship includes the entire family income and that families should plan their finances together as a means of expressing their Christian faith.

Preparing for the Meeting:

1. Read the article, "Stewardship Is a Family Affair," page 9.

2. Assign the devotional period to one couple, suggesting scriptural passages and appropriate hymns, such as Matthew 6:19-20, 33; 10:8; 23:23; Malachi 3:10; Luke 14:28-30 (all RSV), and "For the Beauty of the Earth," No. 167¹ and "O Father, Thou Who Givest All," No. 600.

3. Ask one couple to report on the article, "Stewardship Is a Family Affair."

4. Ask one couple to come prepared to report on their own experiences in planning family finances.

5. Ask several couples to read some of the resource books in preparation for the discussion.

Conducting the Meeting:

Begin the meeting with the devotional period which has been prepared by one of the couples. This may be followed by the report on the article, "Stewardship Is a Family Affair" and the report by the couple on their own experiences in planning family finances. Together these experiences should provide for an informal and open

discussion of the following questions:

1. How do all the members of your family contribute to the family income by the work which they do?

2. What method of controlling the family income seems to work best?

3. How does your family plan for a democratic method of spending money so that all the desires and needs of each one are considered?

4. What are the tensions or undercurrents of unrest in your family which might be traced to money problems?

5. What methods of keeping records of your spending do you find most helpful?

6. As Christian stewards, what proportion of income should the family spend for necessities, recreation, education, church and charity, insurance, and automobile?

7. What principles for planning family finances do we find in the scriptures?

8. How does Christian stewardship apply to all we earn and possess?

9. What plan is most effective in enlisting the interest and cooperation of the entire family in planning family finances?

Conclusion:

The group may decide upon specific procedures in family financing to try out during the com-

ing weeks and to report on the results at the next meeting. Individuals may volunteer to try other experiments and report to the group. One family might make a tape recording of a family council meeting on finances to be used as a basis for discussion at the next meeting.

Resources

BOOKS

Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, *Parents' Guide to Problems of Boys and Girls*, Random House, New York, 1958.

Sidonie M. Gruenberg, Hilda S. Krech, *Pennies in Their Pockets: Helping Children Manage Money*, SRA, Chicago, cents.

J. C. Wynn, *How Christian Parents Face Family Problems*, Westminster Press, Philadelphia, \$2.50, 1950. Chapter 4, "Parents Versus Family Finances," including a chart on the growth and of money, from ages 4 to 18.

Evelyn Millis Duvall, *Family Development*, L. B. Lippincott Company, Chicago, \$7.50.

Frances L. Feldman, *The Family in a Money World*, FSA, New York, 1957, \$2.50.

F. W. Wiegmann, *Christian Happiness in the Home*, St. Louis, Mo., Bethany Press, 1947.

AUDIO-VISUAL MATERIAL

Contact Audio-Visual Department, United Christian Mission

¹From *Christian Worship—A Hymnal*. Available from the publishers.

based on the article, "Stewardship Is a Family Affair," page 9.

2. Guiding Children in Handling Money

Purpose of the Meeting:

To lead the group to consider ways of helping children develop Christian attitudes toward money and to handle money wisely.

Preparing for the Meeting:

1. Consider using the tape recording of a family council meet-

ing on finances as a basis for discussion.

2. Ask several persons to interview children of various ages about how much allowance they get, how they spend it, and what their attitudes are.

3. Ask several persons to interview three or four parents about how much allowance they give their children, what the children are expected to do with it, and how Christian attitudes toward money may be developed.

4. Ask the church treasurer for a summary of the giving to the church of children from six years through adolescence.

5. Ask a teacher in the church school to report on the stewardship training the children are receiving on Sunday mornings.

6. Ask one couple to prepare a service of worship to conclude the meeting.

Devotional Suggestions:

SCRIPTURE PASSAGES:

Matthew 25:14-29; 1 Timothy 6:10; Hebrews 13:5 (all RSV)

HYMNS:

"Take My Life, and Let It Be,"¹
No. 296

"We Give Thee But Thine Own," No. 422

Conducting the Meeting:

Ask someone to review briefly the discussion at the first meeting. Then ask the group to listen to the tape recording of a family

council meeting on finances. This may be followed by a report from those who interviewed the children regarding their money and how they use it, then by the report from those who interviewed the parents on how they guide their children in handling money. After the reports of the church treasurer and church school teacher, the group should have a good basis for further discussion.

Questions for Discussion

1. What Christian beliefs should guide parents in dealing with the problem of money with their children?

2. What can parents do to improve their own attitudes about money and their handling of it so that they may deal with these problems in a more mature Christian way?

3. What is the most important and difficult problem with money that has come up in your family? How did you deal with it? What did you learn from it? What effect did this have on Christian love and understanding within the family?

4. How does keeping account of his money help a child to spend more wisely?

5. How can one best teach a child self-denial with the purpose of saving for something that costs more than he has on hand?

6. How can you teach a child that money is earned by human effort and achievement?

Close the meeting with a devotional period.

¹From *Christian Worship—A Hymnal*. Available from the publishers.

Thanksgiving Day Prosperity

(Continued from page 3)

His concern is not for the size of your country, your armies, your cities, your houses, your cars, your bank accounts or stock-holdings, your school and college enrollments, your church membership or budgets; his concern is for the way you are keeping his law—how fully the teachings of Christ—the ideals he has set before you—are wrought into your life with your fellows—how his example is followed!

Christ said,

“Whoever would save his life will lose it”;

“A man’s life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions”;

“Seek first his kingdom and his righteousness”;

“Whoever would be great among you must be your servant”;

“The Son of man also came not to be served but to serve”;

and Peter said of Jesus that *he* “went about doing good.”

How does life in America chime with Christ’s words and his example? With him, spiritual values come first. Let us look again at ourselves and our nation.

Pitirim Sorokin declares that ours is a “sensate culture.” Reinhold Niebuhr affirms that “we are more secular than any other nation.” A college survey of youth around the world reports that our nation, more than any other, is preoccupied with material things. Can we deny that the goal of the great majority of our people is success, and that the key word of our life is competition? Do we not equate success with possessions—money, position, power, prestige? The security that they give, and the pleasure that they furnish, are they not valued largely on the basis of the things they provide, and the opportunity they afford for sensual enjoyment?

The prophet Amos has only to look at our advertising, its purpose, and its appeal to condemn us. Does it not seek to make us unhappy with what we have; does it not call us to spend more, to buy more, to avoid denying ourselves, to borrow, and to enjoy life *now*? There is no need for a down payment. We can have three years to finish paying for this or that gadget. One of our big banks urged those listening to its radio commercial—“Borrow from us to get your new car, save the difference, and live it up.” We are encouraged to spend money that we do not have for things which we could do without.

The pressure of a society which exalts success, which puts things first, which constantly seeks to persuade us to get not what we need but what we want, and get it now, is terrific upon our leaders of industry, and upon those who have only a little, or even much but not enough with which to satisfy their wants, as in positions of responsibility in business, state, labor union, church, or in any other organization

they control or handle money. How many shady and cruel deals there are, how much embezzlement, and stealing! To walk through a store, or pass a car, or a bank, is a temptation to some. Who of us can deny that he helps create this hurtful, secular climate? Are we not all guilty; and do we not have some responsibility for the sins of others? Do we who are Christians lift our voices against such a society; do we resist it, and condemn it by the way in which we live? Do we still live simply, though our income increases? Does more money mean that we shall indulge ourselves further or be better able and more willing to help others whose need is greater than ours?

Do we strive to change the goals and character of our society, though such a course will be unpopular, so that there will be fullness of life for all people?

Has the church or the nation responded properly and gratefully to God’s goodness? Can we hope for his continued blessing? Do we deserve it? Have we worthily expressed our gratitude, not just in words, but in upright and kind lives? Must not Amos call us to repentance, utter the same cry that Israel heard, “Seek the Lord and live”; not just by going to church oftener, or giving more than we have done, or by stricter sabbath observance, or by assembling on national holidays like this Thanksgiving Day; but by hearkening to the prophet as he says,

“Seek good, and not evil.

“Let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream.”

Should we really obey him, think of what pride, selfishness, envy, greed, dishonesty, injustice, and impurity would be swept out of our personal and national life on that mighty flood!

Someone has said that we “are living in the most impressive climax of history.” That seems true for our country, for involved in our turning to God is not only our own future but, so far as we can see now, the future of the other nations of the earth. In a real sense, on America’s repentance and new devotion to God hang the fate of the world. I am sure that America’s repentance and

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 6)

“But the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, open to reason, full of mercy and good fruits, without uncertainty or insincerity” (Jas. 3:17).

The Words

A Tiptoe	H Bluff	P Swift
B Brownie	I Enemy	Q Firm
C Tutor	J Europe	R Near
D Chief	K Dragon	S Stored
E Visor	L Bonnet	T Lately
F August	M Picnic	U Lanes
G Teach	N Minute	V Story
	O Hood	

revival of true religion will not come until we who call ourselves Christians are so significantly different from those who make no claim to be his followers—so much like our Lord in our willingness to serve and sacrifice that we shall convince those outside the church of the reality of the Christian religion; that it does change lives, and causes people in this day of uncertainty, tension, constant danger, and fear, to feel their need of the presence and power of our Lord in their own hearts.

Probably other people judge us most readily by our relation to money. How we make it, save it, spend it, give it. I am not thinking about those who have much; but about all of us. This, people can see and understand. It might be to them the clearest evidence whether or not we had obeyed our Lord’s commandment to love our neighbors as ourselves, and to love God with all our hearts.

Back in the Old Testament that ancient prophet Amos held before the people of Israel the alternative to repentance. “Seek the Lord and live”; if not, then doom! The judgment of God is inevitable. In the thinking of Amos, sin carries in it the seeds of its own destruction. The people of Israel could no more be unfaithful to the covenant, self-indulgent, and indifferent to their brothers’ needs and continue to prosper than they could drive horses over jagged rocks or plow the ocean with a yoke of oxen. Unrepentant violators of the covenant, the people must now prepare to meet their righteous God. Even now Assyria looms on the horizon. Within a generation Israel’s glory was at an end and her people were in Exile.

Recently I picked up again, a book by Sorokin, entitled, *Man and Society in Calamity*, and found him saying at the very end of the book that the best way out of this crisis was marvelously formulated long ago.

“Therefore, I tell you, do not be anxious about your life, what you shall eat or what you shall drink, nor about your body, what you shall put on. . . . But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be yours as well.”

Unless we follow Christ’s teaching, Sorokin affirms that “the way out will always be the ‘way of death,’ ordeal, and destruction.” He seems to speak to us, almost as did Amos to Israel,

“You only have I known
of all the families of the earth.”

Therefore, we, like Israel, have to face that awful word:

“I will punish you
for all your iniquities.

“Seek good, and not evil.

“Seek the Lord and live!”

If we as Americans do not do this, who knows—there is the counterpart of Assyria, on our not-too-far horizon!



family Counselor

Our nine-year-old holds resentments. What can we do about them?

WE HAVE A SON nine and one-half years old. As a little boy he was agreeable and always pleasant. We started being pretty strict with him about his manners and obeying, even as a baby. Up until the last two years he has always accepted the answer "no" fine and with no fuss. Earlier, he showed no resentments, not even when our little girl, who is now five and one-half years old was born. He is very polite, kind and affectionate most of the time, and is always willing to help or work for other people. We get nice compliments about this all of the time.

For some reason, he seems to have formed a resentment around home. Even with good reasoning, he will not accept the answer "no" from his parents and cries very easily when we try to work things out. We have to force him to do little jobs around the house, which his father gives him to try to make him feel more important and more needed.

Lately, he has tried to get by with telling us what he is going to do, instead of asking for permission. On minor things we have allowed him to do this. We thought that maybe he does this because he is nearly always with older boys. He seems to be a little more mature for his age, and older boys like him.

There just seems to be no reasoning with him now. Have we been too strict and have we expected too much of him as a child? We've always let him express his opinions and we appreciate them.

My husband and I are very particular about manners, clothes, and the home. Should we not ask

our children to pick up the things they scatter and do jobs around the home? We do not want to press them to the point of resentments, but we want them to be well-mannered children, loved by everyone.

AIT IS NOT SURPRISING that you are a bit disturbed because of your son's behavior, but it may be of some comfort to you to realize that he is acting in a way that is quite normal for nine-year-olds. Most boys of his age develop feelings of independence, begin to resist commands and admonitions of their parents, and delight in telling parents what they are going to do rather than asking permission to do what they want to do. This is especially noticeable to you, since he seems to have been unusually co-operative—perhaps too much so—in the past.

Sometimes children can be too acquiescent to the directions of parents. You should be glad that your son is developing these traits of independence, irritating though they may be. Your clue is not suddenly to remove all restrictions or expectations, such as picking up clothes, but you will be wise to keep these to a minimum. Let him select from several alternatives what his responsibilities are to be. If this can be done, he may not feel quite so much that he is always being told what to do. There will be occasions when you will need to be firm, insisting that he carry out the obligations he has accepted but do not be surprised or disturbed on discovering some re-

sistance on his part.

In reply to one of your questions, "Yes, it is possible for parents to be too strict with children and to expect too much of them." Children may learn to obey, but they may fail to develop the spontaneity of behavior that should be the right of all children, and underneath their seeming acquiescence there may be developing resentments that will find expression later.

The fact that you recognize that you and your husband are very particular about manners and clothes gives me the impression that you may feel that you are a bit too strict in this regard and expect too much of your children. It is entirely possible that you should be less strict and demanding at this point.

Certainly you will want to be patient with your children when they do not manifest the same concern you do over manners, clothes, or a spick-and-span room. This does not mean, however, that you should not help them become well-mannered children. Remember that it is a healthy sign if a child feels free, at least occasionally, to give vent to his hostilities in ways that can scarcely be thought of as "good mannered."

Your comments about the possible reasons for your son's behavior show real insight and I am sure that by sympathetic understanding and patience you will be able to help him in his increasing desire to be independent. Let him have as much freedom as he can use wisely, but do not abdicate your parental responsibilities. And encourage him to play with children of his own age.

The Family Counselor is Head of the Department of Religious Education, Boston University, School of Theology.

With Men It Is Impossible

(Continued from page 8)

The Briggs prospered. The niece married well, her wedding taking place in the black-and-white house with half the neighborhood present. Dan and Molly were taking an active part in the work of the church.

Two years went by. Overnight the Briggs suddenly disappeared. They had folded their tents like the Arabs and moved away. No forwarding address. No clues.

Ewart, fearfully expectant of the worst, drove to the black-and-white house on Pepper Road. Chet let him in. Chet was sun-browned, more mature. He'd put on weight.

"I didn't know you'd come back," said Ewart. "When? Is everything in the house all right?"

"I returned this morning. Carol's staying with the baby at her folks. I'd written the Briggs to take their time about finding another home. Thought I'd drop in and see them but they'd up and left."

"Did they take anything?" Ewart demanded.

"Have a look around." Chet waved his arms. "Everything is as we left it with some additions. They finished the rumpus room. Did a bang-up job on it too. They completed a nursery for Kevin. Here's something that really choked me, Ewart. They broke a set of colored glasses Carol had—oh, they replaced the set with another but those broken pieces they put into a mosaic picture." He led the way to a crudely fashioned picture on the living room wall.

It was the Prodigal kneeling in his rags beside some pigs. In his hand a husk. The wording was simple—"I will arise and go to my Father."

Which one had fashioned those bits of glass in place, Ewart wondered. He remembered dimly that Molly had been something of an artist once. "With men it is impossible," said Ewart. "But not with God: for with God all things are possible. Where have the Briggs gone, Chet?"

"I don't know," Chet answered. "I'm only sure that wherever they are, they're all right."

Ewart nodded. "I'm glad you're home, Chet. My best to Carol and the boy."

He walked out into the winter sunlight. He was smiling so that people turned to stare at him as they passed. Let them think he was crazy. Men who had glimpsed the vision had always been called that. Chet, Carol, and the boy would be back in their black-and-white house. Home. "I will arise and go to my Father." Wherever they were, Ewart knew the Briggs were home too.

The Digging Dog

(Continued from page 18)

Joe pulled Spike away and carefully filled the hole with the moist earth. "I'm sorry, Mother," he said, "he won't do it again."

But Spike did do it again. Every time Joe turned him loose he ran for the hydrangea bush and began to dig. And when he was tied up he pulled at his rope and howled.

"He must have buried a bone in there," Father said. "Keep him on a leash until he forgets about it."

But Spike didn't forget. He kept trying to get to the hydrangea bush. And then one day the bush began to wilt.

"We must dig into it and find out what is the trouble," Father said. He went for a shovel.

But Spike gave a great rush on the leash Joe was holding. He pulled free and dashed for the hydrangea bush. Before anyone could stop him he had rushed under it. Joe saw him dig a little. Then out he came and in his mouth was a big gopher. He shook it until it didn't move any more. Then he laid it at Joe's feet.

Father came up. He patted Spike. "So that was what he was after in his digging. And that was what was chewing on the plant's roots and making the leaves wilt. I am thankful that Spike knew what the trouble really was."

Mother reached down and patted Spike. "I am, too," Mother said. "Next time we'll know you aren't digging just for fun."

As for Joe, he was so thankful and happy he thought he would burst into a trillion pieces. He wouldn't have to keep Spike on a leash any more. Spike was so happy he wiggled all over. He kissed everybody. He had caught the gopher he had known was there all the time.

1. Peace Begins at Home

(Continued from page 24)

have come to the people as they have listened. The relevance of the scriptural passages to the things they are talking about, should be pointed out and possible ways of bringing about changes in the homes that will prepare the children for living at peace in their world.

5. As the time allotted comes to a close, the worship leader should take over once more with a brief prayer and benediction. An appropriate benediction might be the following:

"May the Lord who watches over all the earth cause to dwell within our hearts friendship and love, brotherhood and peace."

2. The Family's Responsibility for World Peace

(Continued from page 25)

6. Attempt to enlarge the fellowship of the church to include people from many different backgrounds as possible

7. Presentation of the United Nations and discussion of ways the church can help in its work

8. Letters to congressmen in support of moves that seem to be leading the direction of peace—the Peace Corps, for example

9. Sponsoring of an exchange student

10. Exploration to discover whether there are foreign students nearby and if so, planning for having them homes over Thanksgiving holidays

11. Holding of a Family-life Clinic

12. Appointment of a committee to find jobs for parolees

13. Survey of racial practices in restaurants and barber shops in the community

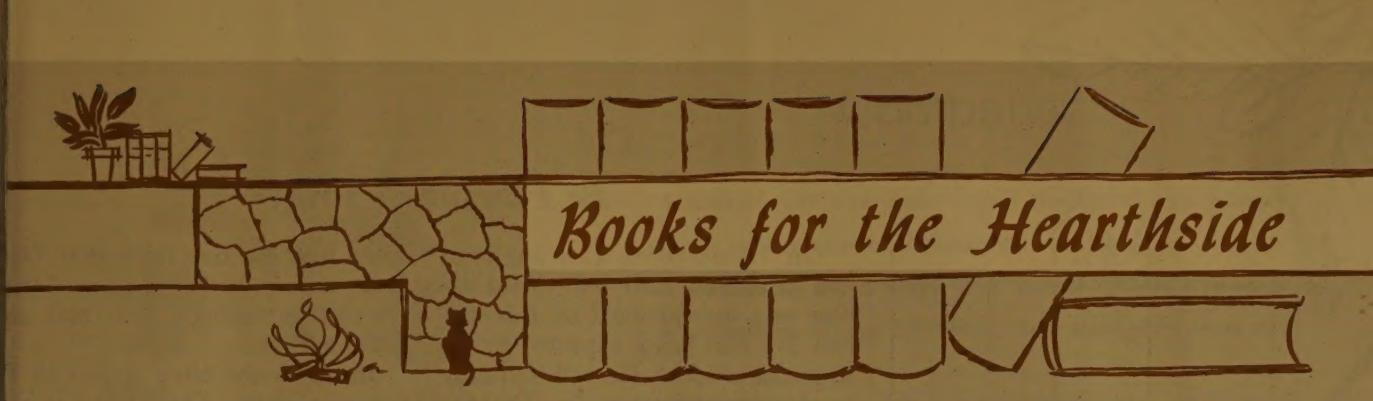
14. Contact with juvenile authorities to see if there are ways that the church can help in rehabilitation of these youngsters

The group may want to add other to this list, and may question some that are included. As time for the discussion draws to a close, the leader will turn the meeting back to the worship leader.

D. If the film has been used, the worship leader will simply close the meeting with a brief prayer.

E. If the alternate worship service has been used, he will reread the passage of scripture from John, and then proceed to a period of directed prayer in which the concerns and needs of the community are lifted up and the need for changed lives. This would probably include mention of lack of patience and understanding in the home itself, unwillingness to involve oneself in the life of others, prejudices and hatreds long-lived with and passed on to the children, unwillingness to assume responsibility for doing the things that make for peace in the community. Then—prayers for patience and for courage to reach out to those formerly rejected and for guidance in exploring pathways to peace.

The leader would close with a benediction—possibly the one used at the end of the preceding meeting.



Books for the Hearthside

For Children

For Christmas

Two books to put on your Christmas list as gifts for children are:

1. **Deck the Stable** (David McKay Company, Inc., New York, 1960, unpaged, \$2.75), by Ivy O. Eastwick, and illustrated by Nora S. Unwin, is a Christmas Eve story in rhyme. The unique thing about the book is the fantasy involved in providing animals with tasks to decorate the stable. For examples, the fawn is responsible for placing the yew and pine twigs; the foal, the evergreens.

The poetry, illustrations, and color make the book quite delightful for the whole family, but especially so for the preschool children.

2. **The Story of St. Nicholas** (Aldington Press, New York, 1960, 112 pages, \$2.75) is by Mildred C. Luckhardt. The book is actually in two parts: Book I, The story of Saint Nicholas, Book II, How the Saint Nicholas Legend Spread. Based on legend, the author draws a picture of what could have been the story of St. Nicholas' life.

Children eight through twelve years of age will find the legend very appealing.

From Friendship Press comes two new books: **Three Children of Chile** by Ella Huff Kepple and **South Americans All** by William F. Fore. Both books are composed of 127 pages, and sell for \$2.95, cloth, or \$1.75 in a paper binding. Each of the books may be used for general reading or in connection with a program of study. **Three Children of Chile** has an accompanying leader's guide entitled **Primary Teacher's Guide on "South America"** by Mary Duckert. **South Americans All** has an accompanying leader's guide entitled **Junior Teacher's Guide on "South America,"** by Grace Storms Tower. The **Three Children of Chile** is planned for first, second, and third graders. The plot involves the three children, their uncle, grandmother, and the "new" mother that the children were always selecting. The book is illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats.

South Americans All is planned for

fourth, fifth, and sixth graders. By way of this book, three families and three countries (Bolivia, Argentina, Brazil) are visited so that the young reader gets a glimpse of South America from the inside. A short travelogue interspersed with historical data is an important introductory feature to the book. The illustrator is Nola Langner.

For Adults

An indescribably, ingeniously and thoroughly delightful book, **Beautiful Homemaking** by Charlene Johnson (Augustana Press, Rock Island, Ill., 1961, 135 pages), belongs by the hearthside for every young married woman aspiring to practice Christian living. Mrs. Raymond Johnson is also author of the best seller **Altogether Lovely** and the mother of two small boys. **Beautiful Homemaking** is bound in an attractive, easy-to-read volume and contains pertinent advice for young wives and mothers on almost all subjects relative to homemaking. She talks in poetic, inspired language about beautiful you, crowning your husband, caring tenderly for "Jesus' little lambs," home decorating, hospitable entertaining, widening intellectual horizons through reading, civic work, and church activities. If Mrs. Johnson's advice were followed to the letter, a happy, healthy, harmonious household would result. Her famous quotes, statements, sayings, poems, and scripture selections are beyond compare. The book would make an excellent shower and/or wedding gift as well as an excellent addition to any home library.—P. A. A.

The Daily Study Bible Series, edited by William Barclay (The Westminster Press, 1961, \$2.50 each volume), presents a very different and exciting approach to the teachings of the New Testament books, making them relevant to life and work today. These studies are written for the non-technical reader in a form that does not require a theological education to understand. The Bible passages are broken up into units for convenient daily reading, each unit consisting of an original translation followed by commentary.

The Letters to Timothy, Titus and Philemon (324 pages) are included in

one volume. The writer presents the Letters to Timothy and Titus as pastoral epistles, giving a vivid picture of the growing church, speaking directly to our situation and condition today. The Letter to Philemon, the only personal letter written by Paul which we possess, takes us nearer to the heart of Paul.

Another volume includes **The Letters of James and Peter** (415 pages). It is suggested that the reader may begin the study of James as a duty and end by finding it a joy. The First Letter of Peter, one of the most beloved and easiest letters in the New Testament to read, becomes even more valuable and dear with reading, while the study of Second Peter, a much neglected book of the New Testament, points up the attacks made on Christian doctrine in the days of the early church and has much to say to the church of today.

These volumes of study are not for one-time reading only but, as a collection, can become a permanent reference for continued use.—S. S. S.

For Young People

More than just a pleasant story, **The Ranch Beyond the Mountains** (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York, 1961, 194 pages, \$3.50) by Stephen Holt is full of rich meaning that applies to life not only in the wild Canadian mountains but in all regions. The reader learns as did Larry and Bomber that the natural forces are not to be fought, they must be used as resources. From the close communion and co-operation with nature, man can learn patience and endurance. He learns to sacrifice for his neighbor and to both accept true friendship and be a true friend. Man also learns the things which are real, the things which are earned. Larry dreamed of finding his ranch all spread out for him on the other side of the mountains, but when he reached the other side, he realized that his real ranch was the one he had earned through honest work and untiring effort, along with constant striving. In such a way as this every man can find his *Ranch Beyond the Mountains*.

—C. A.

Be Fearful in Prayer

On Thanksgiving Day one man will be scared. He will dread sitting to a special meal on this special day and being expected to say a special prayer. He will find only a cheerless pleasure in Thanksgiving diversions from his work-week worries. This prayer worry will be nagging at him.

Prayer may ruin this man's Thanksgiving holiday.

Might it ruin yours?

Thanksgiving prayer may scare a man because he has a record of failure at prayer. He may be a respected churchman, and husband and father in a church family. Mealtimes prayers may be his custom. Still, his conscience may tell him that his mealtime graces are not prayers but mechanical recitations. He may mumble some "now we thank Thee . . ." business that is not prayer, but blasphemy.

If a fear of prayer pesters us on Thanksgiving morning, let us ask why we fail at prayer.

Uncertainty may mar our praying. We may be unsure how to address God. What can we say to God? How should we say what we want to say to God? In life we pick up a certainty in talking to persons. We learn what persons are like, what they respond to, what pleases them. How can we pick up the ability to talk to God? To develop certainty and confidence in addressing God, we must know God. We could pray better if we knew God better.

Inadequacy may defeat our praying. We may wonder who we are to presume to speak to God. We are puny human beings. The words we use to express ourselves seem too bankrupt for cosmic conversation. We can say "food," talking of something good to eat, pleasant to taste, sustaining to life. But when God looks at the things we call "food" he may see forces, energies, realities, relationships, causes and effects of which we are ignorant. To improve our praying we must better understand ourselves as children of God. We

must increase our faith that God hears and understands us, and that we can increasingly hear and understand him.

Inexperience often causes us to fail at prayer. Our lives are absorbed by practical things. We are busy establishing careers and making money to house, feed, clothe and educate our families. We know much about what man is and needs physically, but little about what man is and needs spiritually. If our praying is to become vital and satisfying, we must move more freely and confidently in the realm of ultimate and spiritual realities.

If mealtime prayers bother us, it may be because our daily living has not been a prayer. Table grace is an intrusion. It is disturbing because it is a judgment upon our life context. We should then fret about prayer. As we fret, it may come to us that a complete and correct prayer is one in which a few words of thanksgiving and commitment are harmonious overtones of thoughts, decisions, actions, emotions, and personal relationships that have been prayers. Words of prayer mean nothing unless life itself is a prayer.

If Thanksgiving Day finds us frightened by prayer, good. Our conscience is not willing to let us settle for the mumbo-jumbo we have been passing off as prayer at mealtime. We know that we have too often chanted some glib formula as if it were a magical charm, and that we dare not do that on Thanksgiving Day, or on any day.

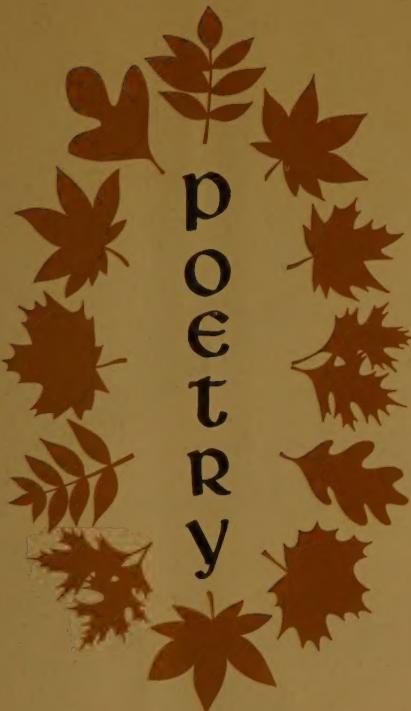
Admitting our fear and starting to deal with it could make this our best Thanksgiving yet. We may need to get scared enough to get scared out of attempting any elaborate expression of thanks for house, food, family, health, and friends. This Thanksgiving our best possible prayer may be,

"Father, I am afraid to pray; help me follow Christ and become unafraid."

—Sherman R. Hanson

Over
the
back
fence

Comparison



I missed just one meal and I thought I was hungry,
I put on my coat and thought I was cold,
I was away for a week and thought I was homesick,
I remembered my birthday, and thought I was old.

They cannot remember when they were not hungry,
They totter because they're so weak and so cold,
They know not the places where loved ones lie
buried,
They die in their youth and they never grow old.

You who are warm and well fed and still sheltered,
You, who've been spared all the ravage of war—
Can you pass by on the road and ignore them?
Or will you respond to this call from afar?

—Samuel F. Pugh

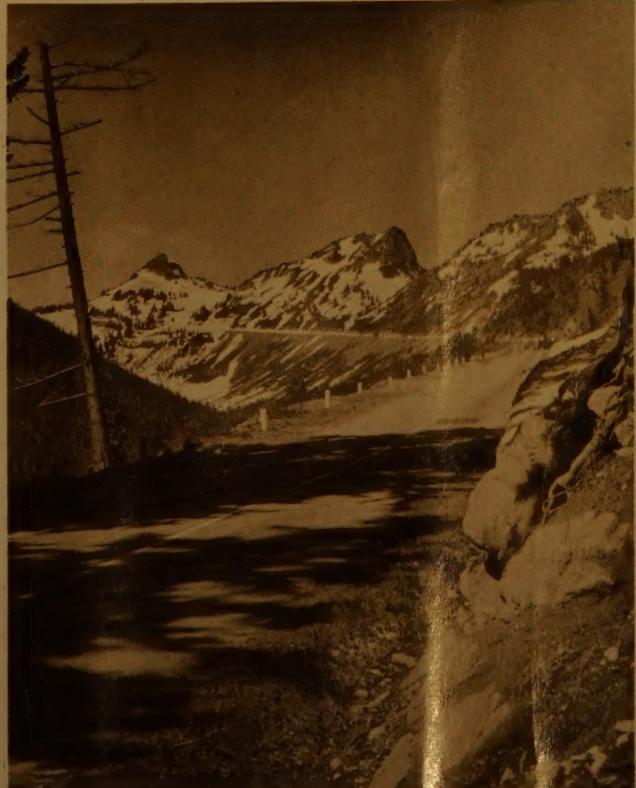


—F. D. Silkey

Thought for a Steep Road

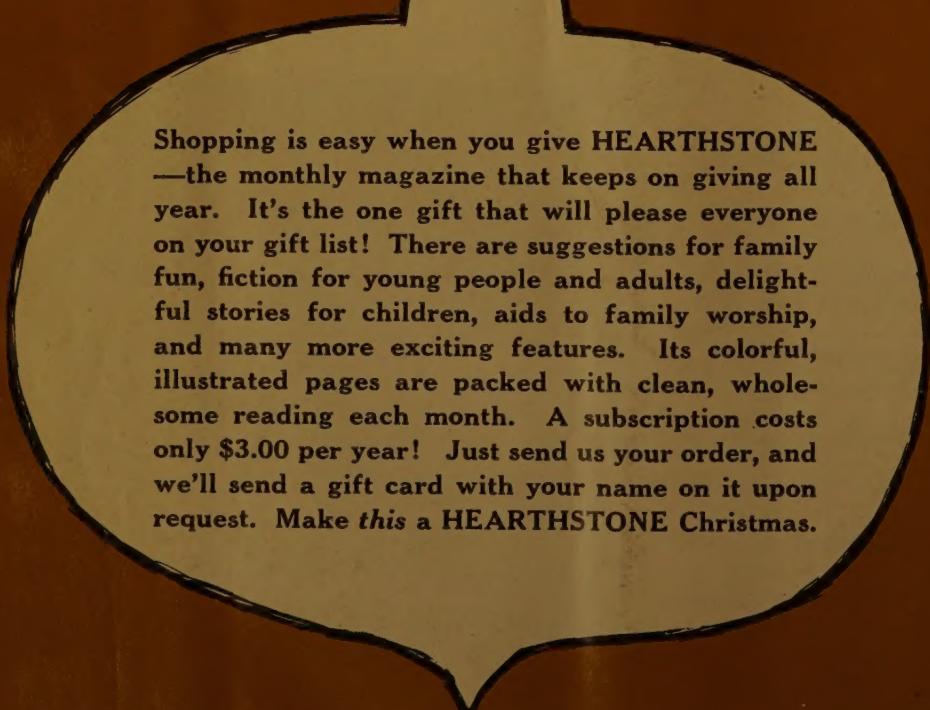
God provides no moving stairway to carry us upward
From level to level of life-experience, the way
Walled in, guarded by handrail, the feet firmly planted
On powdered treads—a journey without delay,
Side excursion, option. Rather, out of his wisdom
He gives us—breath of his breath—spirits to fire
To Infinity's challenge; minds to interpret vision,
Hearts to endure every strain the climb may require . . .
A Creator's wisdom planned that we grow through effort,
Rise on the spiral of heights attempted, won—
It is Father-love that loses its hold so freedom
Of experience may make us strong. Even the Son-love
Subjected to the trials of life, the arduous climb—
And, oh, what height he attained, what stature sublime.

—Edith Dunn Bolar





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this a
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Christmas



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